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THE WHOLE CONTENTION

(1619).

PART II.

THE SECOND PART, CONTAINING THE TRAGEDIE
OF RICHARD DUKE OF YORKE, AND THE GOOD KING
HENRIE THE SIXT.

THE THIRD QUARTO,
1619.

(Q₁ HAVING BEEN REVIZED BY SHAKSPERE, MARLOWE, AND GREENE
INTO "*THE THIRD PART OF HENRY THE SIXT.*")

A FACSIMILE, BY PHOTOLITHOGRAPHY

(FROM THE BRITISH MUSEUM COPY, C. 34, k. 38),

BY

CHARLES PRAETORIUS.

WITH FOREWORDS BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL,

M.A. TRIN. HALL, CAMBRIDGE; HON. DR. PHIL. BERLIN.

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40 SHAKSPEARE QUARTO FACSIMILES,

ISSUED UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF DR F. J. FURNIVALL.

1. *Those by W. Griggs.*

No.	No.
1. Hamlet. 1603.	8. Henry IV. 1st Part. 1598.
2. Hamlet. 1604.	9. Henry IV. 2nd Part. 1600.
3. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Fisher.)	10. Passionate Pilgrim. 1599.
4. Midsummer Night's Dream. 1600. (Roberts.)	11. Richard III. 1597.
5. Loves Labor's Lost. 1598.	12. Venus and Adonis. 1593.
6. Merry Wives. 1602.	13. Troilus and Cressida. 1609. (<i>printing.</i>)
7. Merchant of Venice. 1600. (Roberts.)	

2. *Those by C. Praetorius.*

14. Much Ado About Nothing. 1600. (<i>fotograf.</i>)	26. Romeo and Juliet. 1598.
15. Taming of a Shrew. 1594. (<i>not yet done.</i>)	27. Henry V. 1600.
16. Merchant of Venice. 1600. (I. R. for Heyes.) (<i>fotograf.</i>)	28. Henry V. 1608.
17. Richard II. 1597. Duke of Devonshire's copy. (<i>fotograf.</i>)	29. Titus Andronicus. 1600.
18. Richard II. 1597. Mr Huth. (<i>fotograf.</i>)	30. Sonnets and Lover's Complaint. 1609.
19. Richard II. 1608. Brit. Mus. (<i>fotograf.</i>)	31. Othello. 1622.
20. Richard II. 1634. (<i>fotograf.</i>)	32. Othello. 1630.
21. Pericles. 1609. Qr.	33. King Lear. 1608. Qr. (N. Butter, <i>Pide Bull.</i>)
22. Pericles. 1609. Qz.	34. King Lear. 1608. Qz. (N. Butter.)
23. The Whole Contention. 1619. Part I. (for 2 Henry VI.)	35. Lucrece. 1594.
24. The Whole Contention. 1619. Part II. (for 3 Henry VI.)	36. Romeo and Juliet. Undated. (<i>fotograf.</i>)
25. Romeo and Juliet. 1597.	37. Contention. 1594. (<i>not yet done.</i>)
	38. True Tragedy. 1595. (<i>not yet done.</i>)
	39. The Famous Victories. 1598. (<i>not yet done.</i>)
	40. The Troublesome Raigne. 1591. (For King John: <i>not yet done.</i>)

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FOREWORDS.

§ 1. I HAVE already stated in my Forewords to Part I of the Facsimile of *The Whole Contention*, that Mr Quaritch's objection to double the price of any volume of my Series was the reason for undoing the uniting work of T. P., the printer of the original Quarto 3 in 1619, and for issuing in two separate Parts the Play which the said T. P. put into one volume, tho' his title described it rightly as the drama "Divided into two Parts." No doubt most Subscribers would have preferred the *Whole Contention* as a Whole, and not in two halves, but all will acknowledge that, from a publisher's point of view, a uniform price for all the volumes of the Series is most important.

Here then is the second half of the "Whole" book, "the Tragically ends of . . . Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the Sixt,"—that "of the good Duke of Humfrey" having been given in the first half.

The lines are numberd on the outside, like those of Part I, according to the nos. of their representatives in *The third Part of King Henry the Sixt* in Folio 1. A dagger (+) marks lines there altered, a caret (<) lines omitted, a star (*) lines not in the Folio. For these markings I have to thank my friend and colleague Mr P. Z. Round. The dot (.) on the inner margin notes the few lines in Q3 which are altered from Q1.

§ 2. In the comparison of these two Quartos, we find no changes in Part II of like importance to those in Part I. The alterations are almost all of single words. The leaving-out of the two lines V. vi. 66 and V. vii. 36 in Quarto 3 is no doubt an accident, as the omission of V. vi. 86-7*, 'Vnder pretence of outward seeming ill' in Q1 and F1 may be, so that the only noticeable change is the trifling one of 2 lines into 3, in V. vi. 89-91. A List of the alterations follows. For some of them, and also of those in Part I, I am indebted to my friend Mr P. A. Daniel.

	Q3 ¹	Q1	F1
p. 1, head.	The Second Part,	[Not in]	[altered]
„ „	Containing the	The true	[not in]
„ St. Dir. then Crooke backe		Crookeback	[„]
„ 1. 4 Northumberland		Northumberland	Northumberland
„ 1. 8 th'		the	the

¹ The differences between Contractions, full words, &c., like L. for Lord, War. for Warwick, &c., are not notised.

	Q3	Q1	F1
p. 2, l. 24	heauen	heauens	Hcauen
p. 3, l. 46	bird	burd	hec
" l. 47	Dare	Dares	Dares
" l. 78	my	mine	my
" l. 83	and thats	and that is	that's
" l. 84	fitft	fitteft	fit
p. 4, l. 93	't	it	it
" l. 113	Y'	You	You
" l. 121	seek'st	seekest	[not in]
" l. 122*	both	both both	[, ,]
p. 5, l. 157	Kent	of Kent	of Kent
p. 6, l. 171	while	whilft	while
" l. 180	Articles.	Articles. <i>Exit</i>	Articles.
" ll. 181-2	Queene. <i>Exit.</i>	Queene	Queene thefe Newes
" l. 186	vnkindly	vnkingly	vmanly
" l. 196	an	thine	an
p. 7, <i>St. Dir. 2.</i>	with	and	[not in]
" l. 213	Ile	I	I will
" l. 215	there be?	there?	[alterd]
p. 8, l. 265	to forget	forget	[, ,]
p. 9, l. 52*	With others	and others	[not in]
" l. 63	Y'are	Your	You are
" l. 67	soldudors	souldiers	men
p. 10, <i>St. Dir. 2. Chaplaine</i>		the Chaplein	[not in]
" l. 14	ore	ouer	o're
p. 11, l. 8	renowe	renowne	Renowne
p. 12, l. 53	deafe	death	deafe
p. 13, l. 73	wher's . . . crookt- backt	where is . . . Crook- backt	wher's . . . Crook- back
" l. 78	mongst	amongst	with
" l. 86	parch	parcht	parcht
" l. 105	his	this	his
p. 14, l. 112	tongue's	tongue	Tongue
" l. 145	blow	blowes	blowes
p. 15, l. 160	storie	heauie storic	heauie storic
" l. 166	too	tvvo	too
" l. 171	inward	inlie	inly
p. 16, l. 19	the . . . from our	his . . . our	his . . . my
" l. 43	look'st	lookest	[alterd in F.]
" <i>St. Dir. 3. Enter a Messenger</i>		[not in]	one blowing
p. 17, l. 63	By	But	by
p. 18, l. 106	newes	things	things
p. 20, l. 184	eight and forty	48.	fue and twenty
p. 21, l. 15	who	whose	who
p. 22, l. 46	ill	euill	ill
" l. 59	way	doe	[not in]
" l. 62	leffon	leffon, boy	Leffon
p. 24, l. 105	flye	flee	flee
" l. 106	as	fo	fo
" l. 107	droue	that droue	droue
" l. 108	yee	you	you
" l. 120	being	am	am
" l. 120	am priuiledg'd	and priuiledge	and priuiledg'd
" l. 138	venom'd	venome	venome
p. 25, l. 142	Sham'ft	Shames	Sham'ft

	Q3	Q1	F1
p. 25, l. 163	thee	the	[<i>alterd</i>]
„ l. 171	Nor	Not	Not
p. 30, l. 9	whether	whither	whether
„ l. 24	out	our	out
p. 31, l. 39	Eor (?)	For	For
„ <i>St. Dir.</i>	<i>Warwicke</i>	and Warwike	<i>Warwicke</i>
p. 32, l. 92	needs	needst	shalt
„ ll. 104-5	himselfe	him	halt
p. 33, l. 22	heere's	here is	heere's
„ l. 59	talkes	talkeft	talk'ft
p. 34, l. 14	<i>Glo.</i>		<i>Clarence.</i>
„ l. 65	fildome	feldome	fildome
p. 35, l. 30	if	and	if
„ l. 31	Wer't	Were it	'Twere
„ l. 55	husbands	husbandes	Ihusbands
„ l. 57	curtsie	cursie	cursie
p. 37, l. 121	lets go . . about	let vs go . . about	goe wee . . of
„ l. 124	vfe	vfe	vfe
„ l. 131	they looke	they lookt	the vnlook'd
„ l. 183	that which	that that	that which
p. 38, <i>St. Dir.</i>	<i>with others</i>	and others	[<i>not in F.</i>]
p. 39, l. 87	<i>Henry</i> is	<i>Henries</i>	<i>Henry</i>
„ ll. 92, 99	pedigree	pettigree	pedigree
„ l. 103	then	than	then
p. 40, l. 130	or	or your	or your
„ l. 164	Marqueffe	Marquis	Marqueffe
p. 41, l. 168	at his	as his	at his
„ l. 172	Mine is . . with	Mine . . . full of	Mine . . with
„ l. 187	to an vntimely	vntimelie to his	vntimely to his
„ l. 200	Ile	I doe	I
p. 42, l. 233	<i>Exit Mes.</i>	[<i>not in</i>]	<i>Exit Post.</i>
„ l. 243	wedlocke	wedlockes	Wedlocke
„ IV. i.	<i>Clarence, Gloster, Montague, Hastings</i>	and Clarence, and Gloster, and Montague and Hastings	[<i>alterd</i>]
p. 43, l. 12	they will	theile	they'le
„ l. 15	am both	am	am
„ l. 19	fildome	feldome	feldome
„ l. 23	pitty	a pittie	pittie
„ l. 29	mine	my	mine
p. 44, l. 60	Ile	I will	I will
„ l. 62	ye	you	you
„ l. 70	from	in	of
„ <i>St. Dir.</i>	<i>Messenger</i>	a Messenger	<i>a Poste</i>
„ l. 87	pardon.	special pardon	special pardon
„ l. 100	a willow	the willow	the Willow
p. 45, l. 116	they are	theare	they are
„ l. 135	about	of	of
„ l. 135	neere	neereft	neere
p. 46, l. 31	calledst	cald'st	call'dst
p. 47, l. 59*	into	to	[<i>not in</i>]
„ l. 65*	lets	let vs	[„]
p. 48, l. 2	ye	you	[<i>alterd in F.</i>]
p. 50, l. 58	stand	fie, stand	stand
„ l. 67	himselfe	like himselfe	like himselfe

	Q3	Q1	F1
p. 50, <i>St. Dir.</i> 2.	<i>Oxford, Somerset</i>	and Oxford, and Summerset	Oxford, and Somerset
p. 51, l. 5	giddy headed	giddie	giddie
„ l. 66	If	And	[<i>altered F.</i>]
p. 52, l. 53	shamefac'ft	shamefast	shamefaced
p. 53, <i>St. Dir.</i> 1.	<i>fouldiors</i>	fouldiers & al crie	<i>Colours</i>
„ l. 75	if my	and my	if this
p. 54, l. 69	abide	abie	buy
p. 55, ll. iii.	3 more	moe	more
p. 56, l. *49	forewarn'd	awarn'd	[<i>not in</i>]
„ <i>St. Dir.</i>	<i>and Glofter</i>	Glofter	<i>with Richard</i>
„ l. 2	girt	girts	[<i>altered</i>]
p. 57, l. 21	Country	countie	Countie
„ l. 24	bright	faire Bright	[<i>not in</i>]
p. 58, l. 69	ere	yer	ere
„ l. 76	our	your	your
„ <i>St. Dir.</i>	<i>Glofter, and the rest, making . . Prince, Oxford, and Somerset are taken</i>	& Glo. & the rest, & make . . is taken, & the prince & <i>Oxf. & Sum.</i>	[<i>altered</i>]
p. 59, l. 30	Crooke-backe	Crooktbacke	Crooke-backe
„ l. 38	thou likneffe	the litnes	the likeneffe
„ l. 58	not name	name	name [<i>altered</i>]
p. 60, l. 80	hee'l	he	thou
„ l. 83	whether is	whithers	Where's
„ l. 88	lets toward	let vs towards	let's away to
p. 61, l. 25	enuieft	enuious	enuious
p. 62, <i>St. Dir.</i>	<i>Stabs</i>	He stabs	<i>Stabbes</i>
„ l. 64	alwayes be	be alwaies	be alway
„ l. 66	[<i>not in</i>]	If anie sparke of life remaine in thee	If any sparke of Life be yet remaining
„ l. 71	I	That I	I
p. 62, l. 74	weeping . . . crying	wept . . . cride	wonder'd . . cri'de
„ l. 86-7*	Vnder pretence of outward seeming ill,	[<i>not in</i>]	[<i>not in</i>]
„ ll. 89-91	King <i>Henry</i> , and the Prince his sonne are gone, And <i>Clarence</i> thou art next must follow them, So by one and one dispatching all the rest,	<i>Henry</i> and his sonne are gone, thou <i>Clarence</i> next, And by one and one I will dispatch the rest,	King <i>Henry</i> , and the Prince his Son are gone, <i>Clarence</i> thy turne is next, and then the rest,
p. 63, <i>St. Dir.</i> ,	<i>Glofter, Hastings,</i>	and <i>Hastings,</i>	<i>Richard, Hastings,</i>
„ l. 1	throne	royall throne	Royall Throne,
„ l. 21	if	and	if
„ l. 25	<i>Edw.</i> Brothers of Clarence and of Glofter	<i>Edward.</i> Clarence and Glofter, loue	<i>King.</i> Clarence and <i>Glofter,</i> loue
„ l. 27	Pray loue		
„ l. 36	both [<i>not in</i>]	brothers both	Brothers both
„ l. 40	a	Hauing my countries peace, and brothers loues.	Hauing my Counties peace, and Brothers loues.
„ l. 40	a	her	her

§ 3. As before, in Part I, I conclude that none of these changes were directly due to Shakspeare's hand; though in the Folio the shifting of the *True Tragedy* order of scenes IV, v, iv, vii, vi, p. 47-51 into IV, iv, v, vi, vii, doubtless was so. A friend whose judgment in Shakspeare matters I am wont to trust, says his impression is that Q₃ is a more accurate copy of the original of Q₁ than the print of Q₁ is.

§ 4. Miss Lee's division of the text of *The True Tragedie* or *The Whole Contention*, Part II, between the men who wrote it, is as follows:

- p. 1, l. 1. 3 *Hen. VI*, I. i. ii. (*Cont. sc. i. ii.*), beginning "I wonder how the king escapt our hands," Marlowe.
- p. 9, l. 1*. 3 *Hen. VI*, I. iii. (*Cont. sc. iii.*): "Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Castell," Marlowe; but Greene had some share in this scene, as the doves, ravens, woodcocks, curs, and conies shew. The latter part of Margaret's long speech may have been written by Greene, or by Peele: the second writer begins at l. 130, "I, now lookes he like a king," and writes on to l. 143, "And, whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead."
- p. 16, l. 1*. 3 *Hen. VI*, II. i. (*Cont. sc. iv.*): "After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre," Marlowe; but the Messenger's speech is like Greene's work.
- p. 21, l. 1. 3 *Hen. VI*, II. ii. (*Cont. sc. v.*): "Welcome my Lord to this braue town of York," Greene and Marlowe; but Clifford's speech, beginning l. 8, "My gracious Lord, this too much lenitie," recalls many a passage by Peele.
- p. 26, l. 1. 3 *Hen. VI*, II. iii. (*Cont. sc. vi.*): "Sore spent with toile as runners with the race," Marlowe.
- p. 27, l. 1*. 3 *Hen. VI*, II. iv. (*Cont. sc. vii.*): "A Clifford a Clifford," Greene.
- p. 28, l. 1*. 3 *Hen. VI*, II. v. (*Cont. sc. viii.*): "Oh gracious God of heauen looke downe on vs," ll. 1-64, ? Greene¹; Clifford's speech, beginning at l. 65 and on to l. 142, is Marlowe's; while from l. 143 to the end of the scene is like Greene's—especially from l. 151.
- p. 33, l. 1. 3 *Hen. VI*, III. i. (*Cont. sc. ix.*), from "Come, lets take our stands vpon this hill," Greene.
- p. 34, l. 1. 3 *Hen. VI*, III. ii. (*Cont. sc. x.*): "Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloucester," Greene, down to Richard's soliloquy, which is perhaps by Marlowe.
- p. 38, l. 1. 3 *Hen. VI*, III. iii. (*Cont. sc. xi.*): "Welcome Queene Margaret to the Court of France," Greene; but I doubt whether Warwick's part in this scene was written by Greene. It is certainly not by Marlowe.
- p. 42, l. 9. 2 *Hen. VI*, IV. i. (*Cont. sc. xii.*): "Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloucester," Greene.
- p. 46, l. 13. 3 *Hen. VI*, IV. ii, iii. (*Cont. sc. xiii.*): "Trust me my Lords all hitherto goes well," Marlowe.
- p. 47, l. 1. 3 *Hen. VI*, IV. v. (*Cont. sc. xiv.*): "Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanly," ? Greene.
- p. 48, l. 1. 3 *Hen. VI*, IV. iv. (*Cont. sc. xv.*): "Tel me good Maddam, why is your grace," Greene.
- p. 49, l. 5. 3 *Hen. VI*, IV. vii. (*Cont. sc. xvi.*): "Thus far from Belgia have we past the seas," Greene.

¹ Sc. viii. ll. 41-49 with the repetition of the same thought—the harping on one string, cf. Greene's *James*, iv. p. 202, col. l., Dyce's Ed.—JANE LEE.

- p. 51, top. 3 *Hen. VI*, IV. vi. (*Cont.* sc. xvii.): "Thus from the prison to this princelie seat." The first half—to the entrance of Warwick—by Greene. About the second half I am doubtful.
- p. 52, l. 1. 3 *Hen. VI*, V. i. (*Cont.* sc. xix.): "Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?" probably by Greene and ? Peele; Edward's part being by Greene.
- p. 52, l. 53. 3 *Hen. VI*, IV. viii. 53 (*Cont.* sc. xviii.): "Sease on the shamefast Henry," Greene.
- p. 55, l. 5. 3 *Hen. VI*, V. ii, iii. (*Cont.* sc. xx.): "Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe"; ll. 1-39 Marlowe; l. 40 to end of scene Greene.
- p. 57, l. 1*. 3 *Hen. VI*, V. iv, v. (*Cont.* sc. xxi.): "Welcome to England, my louing Friends of Frāce." First 11 lines like Peele's: Prince Edward's speech by Greene; but from l. 50 to end of scene is Marlowe's without a doubt.
- p. 60, l. 1. 3 *Hen. VI*, V. vi. (*Cont.* sc. xxii.): "Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard," Marlowe.
- p. 63, l. 1. 3 *Hen. VI*, V. vii. (*Cont.* sc. xxiii.): "Once more we sit in England's royall throne," Greene.

§ 5. I have again to thank the Hamburg lithografers for the excellence of their work. No cause for irritation here, no protests against scamping and carelessness, no refusal to let the books go out unless the most disgraceful pages are canceled,—as in the case of *Henry V Q1* and *Rom. and Jul. Q2*,—no need to issue *Corrigenda*, but sound and creditable workmanship, by honest men who take a pride in the work they turn out. I am glad to be able to say the same of Messrs Brooks and Day's forthcoming *Pericles*.

(In *Henry V, Q3*, 1608, Messrs Leighton's reason for putting p. ix, the 'Corrections,' at the end of the text, instead of after p. viii, was that the 'Corrections' came after the book was bound, and putting them at the end saved breaking-up the book.)



The Second Part.

Containing the Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the good King Henrie the Sixt.

Enter Richard Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Warwicke, the Duke of Norfolk, Marquesse Mounsague, Edward Earle of March, then Crooke backe Richard, and the young Earle of Rutland, with drum and souldiers, with white Roses in their hats.

Warwicke.



Wonder how the King escap'd our hands.
Yorke. Whilst we pursu'd the horsemen of the
North,
He slyly stole away and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of *Northumberland*,
Whose warlike eares could neuer brooke re-
treat,

Charg'd our maine battels front, and there with him
Lord *Stafford* and Lord *Clifford* all abreast
Brake in, and were by th' hands of common souldiers slaine.

Edward. Lord *Staffords* Father, Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slaine or wounded dangerously,

I

I

3 Hen. VI.

I. i.

4

+

† 8, 9

+

The contention of the two famous Houses,

I cleft his Beuer with a down-right blow :
 Father, that this is true, behold his blood.

Mont. And brother, heeres the Earle of Wiltshires blood,
 Whom I encounter'd as the battailes ioyn'd,

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.

Yorke. What is your Grace dead my Lord of Somersfet ?

Norf. Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn of Gaunt.*

Rich. Thus do I hope to shape King *Henries* head.

War. And so do I victorious Prince of *Yorke,*
 Before I see thee seated in that Throne,

Which now the house of Lancaster vsurpes,

I vow by heauen, these eyes shall neuer close.

This is the Palace of that fearefull King,

And that the regall chaire : Possesse it *Yorke,*

For this is thine, and not King *Henries* heyres.

Yorke. Assist me then sweet *Warwicke,* and I will :

For hither are we broken in by force.

Norf. Weell all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.

Yorke. Thankes gentle *Norfolke.* Stay by me my Lords,

And soldiers stay you heere, and lodge this night.

War. And when the King comes offer him no violence,
 Vnlesse he seeke to put vs out by force,

Rich. Arm'd as we be let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
 Vnlesse *Plantagenet* Duke of *Yorke* be King,

And bashfull *Henry* be deposde, whose cowardise
 Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

Yorke. Then leaue me not my Lords : for now I meane
 To take possession of my right.

War. Neither the King, nor him that loues him best,
 The proudest bird that holds vp Lancaster,

Dare stirre a wing, if *Warwicke* shake his bells.

He plant *Plantagenet* : and roote him out who dares ?

Resolue thee *Richard,* claime the English Crowne.

Enter king Henry the sixt, with the D. of Excester, the Earle of Northumberland, the Earle of Westmerland, and Clifford the Earle of Cumberland, with red Roses in their hats.

King.

Yorke and Lancaster.

King. Looke Lordings where the sturdy Rebell sits,
Euen in the chaire of State : belike he meanes
(Back'd by the power of *Warwicke* that false Peere)
To aspire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy father,
And thine Clifford : and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his sonnes, his fauourites, and his friends.

North. And if I be not, heauens be reueng'd on me.

Clif. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourne in Steele.

West. What? shall we suffer this? Let's pull him downe.

My heart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.

King. Be patient gentle Earle of *Westmerland*.

Clif. Patience is for Pultrounes, such as he ;

He durst not sit there had your Father liu'd.

My gracious Lord, heere in the Parliament,

Let vs assaile the family of Yorke.

North. Well hast thou spoken Cosen, be it so.

King. O know you not the Citty fauours them,

And they haue troopes of souldiers at their becke.

Exet. But when the Duke is slaine, they quickly flye.

King. Far be it from the thoughts of Henries heart,

To make a shambles of the Parliament house :

Cosen of Exeter, words, frownes, and threats,

Shal be the warres that Henry meanes to vse.

Thou factious Duke of Yorke, descend my Throne,

I am thy soueraigne.

Yorke. Thou art deceiu'd, I am thine.

Exet. For shame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. T was my inheritance, as the kingdome is.

Exet. Thy father was a Traitor to the Crowne.

War. Exeter thou art a Traitor to the Crowne,

In following this vsurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his naturall King.

War. True Clifford, and thats Richard Duke of Yorke.

King. And shall I stand while thou sitst in my Throne?

Yorke. Content thy selfe, it must and shall be so.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be King.

The contention of the two famous Houses,

West. Why? he is both King and Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Earle of *Westmerland* shall maintaine.

War. And *Warwicke* shall disprooue it. You forget
That we are those that chac'd you from the field
And slew your father, and with colours spred
Marcht through the Citty to the Pallas gates.

North. No *Warwicke*, I remember't to my greefe:
And by his soule, thou and thy house shall rew it.

West. *Plantagenet* of thee and of thy sonnes,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of blood were in my fathers veines.

Clif. Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,
I send thee *Warwicke* such a messenger,
As shall reuenge his death before I stirre.

War. Poore *Clifford*, how I scorne thy worthlesse threats.

Yorke. Will ye we shew our Title to the Crowne,
Or else our swords shall pleade it in the field?

King. What Title hast thou Traitor to the Crowne?
Thy Father was as thou art, Duke of *Yorke*:
Thy Grand-father *Roger Mortimer* Earle of *March*.
I am the sonne of *Henry* the fift, who tam'd the French,
And made the Dolphin stoope, and seiz'd vpon
Their Townes and Prouinces.

War. Talke not of France since thou hast lost it all.

King. The Lord Protector lost it, and not I,
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. Yare old enough now, and yet methinkes you lose:
Father, teare the Crowne from the Vsurers head.

Edw. Do so sweet father, set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lou'st and honour'st armes,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cauilling thus.

Rich. Sound Drums and Trumpets, and the King will flye.

Yorke. Peace sonnes.

North. Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to speake.

King. Ah *Plantagenet*, why seek'st thou to depose me?
Are we not both *Plantagenets* by birth?
And from two brothers lineally descent?

of Torke and Lancaster.

Suppose by right and equity thou be King:
 Thinkst thou, that I will leaue my Kingly seate,
 Wherein my Father, and my Grandfire sate?
 No, first shall warre vnpople this my Realme,
 I and our Colours often borne in France,
 And now in England (to our hearts great sorrow)
 Shall be my winding sheet. Why faint you Lords?
 My Titles better farre than his.

War. Proue it *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.

King. Why *Henry* the fourth by conquest got the Crowne.

Torke. T was by rebellion gainst his Soueraigne.

King. I know not what to say, my Titles weake,
 Tell me, may not a King adopt an heire?

War. What then?

King. Then am I lawfull King. For *Richard*
 The second, in the view of many Lords,
 Resign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the fourth,
 Whose heire my Father was, and I am his.

Torke. I tell thee he rose against him being his Soueraigne,
 And made him to resigne the Crowne perforce.

War. Suppose my Lord he did it vnconstrain'd,
 Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?

Exet. No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,
 But that the next heyre must succede and reigne.

King. Art thou against vs Duke of Exeter?

Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

King. All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claime thou laist,
 Thinke not King *Henry* shall be thus deposde.

War. Deposde he shall be in despight of thee.

Nor. Tush *Warwicke*, thou art deceiu'd:

Tis not thy Southerne powers of Essex, Suffolke, Norfolke,
 And Kent, that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
 Can set the Duke vp in despight of me.

Clif. King *Henry* be thy Title right or wrong,
 Lord *Clifford* vows to fight in thy defence.

May that ground gape and swallow me aliue,

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† 124†
128† 132
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140† 144
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148

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156†
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I. i.

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Where I do kneele to him that slew my Father.

King. O Clifford, how thy words reuiue my soule.

Yorke. Henry of Lancaster resigne thy Crowne.

What mutter you? Or what conspire you Lords?

War. Do right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

Enter Soldiers.

And ouer the Chaire of state where now he sits,
Write vp his Title with thy vsurping blood.

King. O *Warwicke*, heare me speake :

Let me but reigne in quiet while I liue.

Yorke. Confirme the crowne to me, and to mine heires,
And thou shalt reigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.

King. Conuey the souldiers hence, and then I will.

War. Captaine conduct them into *Tutill* fields,

Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your son?

War. VVhat good is this for England and himselfe?

North. Base, fearfull, and despairing Henry.

Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?

West. I cannot stay to heare these Articles.

Clif. Nor I, Come cosen lets go tell the Queene.

Exit.

North. Be thou a prey vnto the house of Yorke,

And die in bands for this vnkindly deede.

Exit

Clif. In dreadfull war mayst thou be ouercome,

Or liue in peace abandond and despisd.

Exit.

Exet. They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeelde my
Lord.

King. Ah Exeter?

War. VVhy should you sigh my Lord?

King. Not for my selfe Lord *Warwicke*, but my sonne,
VVhom I vnnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may. I heere intaile the Crowne

To thee and to thine heyres, conditionally,

That heere thou take an oath,

To cease these ciuill broyles, and whilst I liue

To honor me as thy King and Soueraigne.

Yorke. That oath I willingly take, and will performe.

War.

of Yorke and Lancaster.

War. Long liue King *Henry*. Plantagenet embrace him.

King. And long liue thou, and all thy forward sonnes.

Yorke. Now Yorke and Lancaster are reconcilde.

Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes.

Sound Trumpets.

Yorke. My Lord, Ile take my leaue,
For Ile to *Wakefield*, to my Castle.

Exit Yorke with his sonnes.

War. And ile keepe London with my souldiors.

Norf. And ile to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. and I to the sea from whence I came.

Exit.

Exit.

Exit.

Enter the Queene and the Prince.

Exet. My Lord, heere comes the Queene, Ile steale away.

King. And so will I.

Queene. Nay stay, or else Ile follow thee.

King. Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile stay.

Queen. What patience can there be? ah tимер man,

Thou hast vndone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,
and giuen our rights vnto the house of *Yorke*.

art thou a King, and wilt be for'cst to yeeld?

Had I bene there, the souldiers should haue toft

Me on their launces points, before I would haue

Granted to their wils. The Duke is made

Protector of the Land: Sterne *Fawconbridge*

Commands the narrow seas: and thinkst thou then

To sleepe secure? I heere diuorce me *Henry*

From thy bed, vntill that acte of Parliament

Be recald, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of *Yorke*.

The Northerne Lords that haue forsworne thy colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread,

and spread they shall vnto thy deepe disgrace.

Come sonne, lets away, and leaue him heere alone.

King. Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me speake.

Qu. Thou hast spoke too much already, therefore be still.

King. Gentle sonne *Edward*, wilt thou stay with me?

Queen. I, to be murdered by his enemies.

Exit.

Prince.

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I. i.

† 261

The contention of the two famous Houses,
Prin. When I returne with victory from the field,
 Ile see your Grace, till then Ile follow her. *Exit.*

† 264

King, Poore Queene, her loue to me and to the Prince her son
 Makes her in furie thus to forget her selfe.

†

Reuenged may she be on that accursed Duke.

† 272

Come Cosen of Exeter, stay thou heere,

†

For Clifford and those Northerne Lords be gone,

*

I feare towards Wakefield, to disturbe the Duke.

I. ii.

†

Enter Edward, and Richard, and Montague.

†

Edw. Brother, and cosen *Montague*, giue me leaue to speake.

†

Rich. Nay, I can better play the Orator.

Mont. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

† 4

Yorke. How now sonnes what at a iarre amongst your selues?

†

Rich. No Father, but a sweete contention, about that which
 concerns your selfe and vs, The Crowne of England father.

† 8, 9

† 10

Yorke. The Crowne boy, why Henries yet aliuē,
 And I haue sworne that he shall reigne in quiet till his death.

† 15

† 17

Ed. But I would breake an hundred oaths to reigne one yeare.

† 20

Rich. And if it please your Grace to giue me leaue,

*

Ile shew your Grace the way to saue your oath,

*

And dispossesse King *Henry* from the Crowne.

*

Yorke. I prethe Dicke let me heare thy deuice.

*

Rich. Then thus my Lord.

22

An Oath is of no moment,

† 23

Being not sworne before a lawfull Magistrate.

† 25

Henry is none, but doth vsurpe your right,

†

And yet your Grace stands bound to him by Oath.

† 28

Then noble father resolute your selfe,

*

And once more claime the Crowne.

*

Yorke. I, saist thou so boy? why then it shall be so.

† 35

I am resolu'd to win the Crowne, or dye.

† 40

Edward, thou shalt to *Edmund Brooke* Lord Cobham,

41

With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise.

† 38

Thou Cosen *Montague* shalt to *Norfolke* straight,

And

Yorke and Lancaster.

And bid the Duke to muster vp his soldiours,
 And come to me to *Wakefield* presently,
 And *Richard*, thou to London straight shalt poste,
 And bid *Richard Neuill* Earle of *Warwicke*,
 To leaue the City, and with his men of warre,
 To meete me at *S. Albones* ten dayes hence.
 My selfe heere in *Sandall* Castle will prouide
 Both men and mony to further our attempes.
 Now, what newes?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Queene with thirty thousand men,
 Accompanied with the Earles of *Cumberland*,
Northumberland, and *Westmerland*,
 With others of the house of *Lancaster*,
 Are marching towards *Wakefield*,
 To besiege you in your Castle heere.

Enter Sir Iohn, and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

Yorke. A Gods name let them come.
 Cousin *Montague*, poste you hence.
 And boyes stay you with me.
 Sir *Iohn* and sir *Hugh Mortimer* mine Vnckles,
 Y'are welcome to *Sandall* in an happy houre,
 The army of the Queene meanes to besiege vs.

Sir Iohn. She shall not neede my Lord,
 Wee'l meete her in the field.

Yorke. What, with fise thousand soludiors, Vnckle?

Rich. I father, with fise hundred for a need,
 A woman's Generall, what should you feare?

Yorke. Indeed, many braue battels haue I wonne
 In *Normandy*, when as the enemy
 Hath bin ten to one, and why should I now doubt
 Of the like successe? I am resolu'd. Come lets goe.

Edw. Let's march away, I heare their drums.

Exit.

*Alarms, and then enter the young Earle of
 Rutland and his Tutor.*

Tutor. Oh flye my Lord, lets leaue the Castle,
 And flye to *Wakefield* straight,

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Enter

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*The contention of the two famous Houses,**Enter Clifford.**Rut.* O Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Clif. Chaplaine away, thy Priesthood saues thy life,
 As for the brat of that accursed Duke,
 Whose father slew my father, he shall dye.

Tutor. Oh Clifford, spare this tender Lord, least
 Heauen reuenge it on thy head : oh saue his life.

Cliff. Soldiors away, and drag him hence perforce :
 Away with the villaine. *Exit Chaplaine.*

How now, what dead already ? or is it feare that
 Makes him close his eyes ? Ile open them.

Rut. So looks the pent vp Lion on the Lambe,
 And so he walkes insulting ore his prey,

And so he turnes againe to rend his limbes in sunder,

Oh Clifford, kill me with thy sword, and

Not with such a cruell threatning looke,

I am too meane a subiect for thy wrath,

Be thou reuendge on men, and let me liue.

Clif. In vaine thou speakest poore boy : my fathers
 Blood hath stopt the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe, he is a
 Man, and Clifford cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren heere, their liues and thine
 Were not reuenge sufficient for me.

Or should I dig vp thy fore-fathers graues,

And hang their rotten Coffins vp in chaines,

It could not flake mine ire, nor ease my heart,

The sight of any of the house of *Yorke*,

Is as a fury to torment my soule.

Therefore till I roote out that cursed line,

And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therefore.

Rut. Oh let me pray, before I take my death.

To thee I pray : Sweet Clifford pittie me.

Clif. I, such pittie as my rapiers point affords.

Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill me ?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut.

Yorke and Lancaster.

Rut. But t'was ere I was borne.

Thou hast one sonne, for his sake pittie me,
Least in reuenge thereof, sith God is iust,
He be as miserably slaine as I.

Oh, let me liue in prison all my daies,
and when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause? Thy father slew my father, therefore die,
Plantagenet, I come *Plantagenet*,
And this thy sonnes blood cleauing to my blade,
Shall rust vpon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeald with his, do make me wipe off both.

Exit.

Alarmer, enter the Duke of Yorke solus.

Yorke. Ah *Yorke*, poste to thy Castle, saue thy life,
The goale is lost, thou house of Lancaster,
Thrice happy chance is it for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies, and cals me hence,
But God knowes what chance hath betide my sonnes:
But this I know, they haue demead themselues,
Like men borne to renoue by life or death:
Three times this day came *Richard* to my fight,
and cried courage, Father: victory or death.
and twice so oft came *Edward* to my view,
With purple Faulchion painted to the hilts,
In bloud of those whom he had slaughtered.
Oh harke, I heare the drums. No way to flie?
No way to saue my life? and heere I stay:
And heere my life must end.

*Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland,
and Soldiours.*

Come bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchlesse fury to more bloud:
This is the But, and this abides your shot.

Northum. Yeeld to our mercies, proud *Plantagenet*.
Clif. I, to such mercy as his ruthfull arme

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The contention of the two famous Houses,

†32

With downe right payment lent vnto my father,
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his carre,
And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.

†

†36

†

Torke. My ashes like the *Phoenix* may bring forth
A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
And in that hope I cast mine eyes to heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.

†

†40

†

Why stay you Lords? what, multitudes and feare?
Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer,
So Doues do pecke the Rauens piercing tallents,
So desperate theecues, all hopelesse of their liues,
Breathe out inuectiues 'gainst the Officers.

†44

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†48

Torke. Oh *Clifford*, yet bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy minde ore-runne my former time,
And byte thy tongue that slanderst him with cowardise,
Whose very looke hath made thee quake ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twice two for one.

†52

Queene. Hold valiant *Clifford*, for a thousand causes
I would prolong the traitors life a while.
Wrath makes him deafe, speake thou *Northumberland*.

56

†

†60

Nor. Hold *Clifford*, do not honour him so much,
To pricke thy finger, though to wound his heart,
What valour where it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might spurne him with his foote away?
Tis warres prize to take all aduantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres.

Fight and take him.

†

Clif. I, I, so striues the Woodcoke with the gin.

North. So doth the Cunny struggle with the net.

†64

†

Torke. So triumphs theecues vpon their conquer'd booty,
So true men yeeld, by robbbers ouer-matcht.

North. What will your grace haue done with him?

†68

Queene. Braue Warriours, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him stand vpon this mole-hill heere,
That aimde at Mountaines with out-stretched arme,

And

Torke and Lancaster.

And parted but the shadow with his hand,
 Was it you that reuel'd in our Parliament,
 And made a prechment of your high descent?
 Where are your messe of sonnes to backe you now?
 The wanton *Edward*, and the lusty *George*?
 Or wher's that valiant crookt-backt prodegy?
Dickey your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
 Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies?
 Or mongst the rest, where is your darling *Rutland*?
 Looke *Yorke*, I dipt this napkin in the blood,
 That valiant Clifford with his rapiers point,
 Made issue from the bosome of thy boy.
 And if thine eyes can water for his death,
 I giue thee this to dry thy cheekes withall.
 Alas poore *Torke*: but that I hate thee much,
 I should lament thy miserable state.
 I prethee grieue to make me merry, *Yorke*:
 Stampe, raue and fret, that I may sing and dance.
 VVhat, hath thy fiery heart so parch thine entrailes,
 That not a teare can fall for *Rutlands* death?
 Thou wouldst be feede I see, to make me sport.
Torke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a crowne.
 A crowne for *Yorke*, and Lords bow low to him.
 So, hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.
 I, now lookes he like a King.
 This is he that tooke King *Henrius* chaire,
 And this is he was his adopted heyre.
 But how is it that great Plantagenet,
 Is crownd so soone, and broke his holy oath,
 As I bethinke me, you should not be King,
 Till our Henry had shooke hands with death,
 and will you impale your head with *Henrius* glory,
 and rob his temples of the Diadem
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?
 Oh, tis a fault too too vnardonable.
 Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,
 and whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

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+100

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104

108

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Clif. That's my office for my fathers death.

Queene. Yet stay, and lets heare the Orifons he makes.

Yorke. She wolfe of France, but worse then wolues of France;

† 112 Whose tongue's more poison'd then the Adders tooth,

How ill befeeming is it in thy sexe,

To triumph like an *Amazonian* trull,

† Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?

116 But that thy face is visard-like vnchanging,

Made impudent by vse of euill deeds;

I would assay, proud *Queene* to make thee blush,

† To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,

† 120 T'were shame enough to shame thee, were thou not shamelesse.

Thy father beares the type of King of *Naples*,

Of both the *Cisiles*, and *Ierusalem*,

Yet not so wealthy as an english yeoman.

124 Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult?

† It needs not, or it bootes thee not proud *Queene*,

Vnlesse the Adage must be verifide;

That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.

† 128 Tis beauty, that oft makes women proud;

† But God he wots, thy share thereof is small.

† Tis gouernment that makes them most admir'd,

The contrary doth make thee wondred at.

† 132 Tis vertue that makes them seeme diuine,

The want thereof makes thee abhominable.

Thou art as opposite to euery good,

As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,

136 Or as the South to the Septentrion.

Oh Tygers heart wrapt in a womans hide;

How couldst thou draine the life blood of the childe,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withall,

140 And yet be seene to beare a womans face?

† Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,

† Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorcelesse.

† Bids thou me rage? why now thou hast thy will.

† 144 Wouldst haue me weepe? why so, thou hast thy wish.

† For raging windes blow vp a storme of teares,

Torke and Lancaster.

And when the rage alaces, the raine begins,
 These teares are my sweet *Rutlands* obsequies,
 And euery drop begs vengeance as it fals,
 On thee fell *Clifford*, and the false French-woman,

† 148

North. Beshrew me but his passions moue me so,
 as hardly I can checke mine eyes from teares.

†

†

† 152

Torke. That face of his, the hungry Cannibals
 Could not haue toucht, would not haue stain'd with blood ;
 But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
 O ten times more then Tygers of *Arcadia*.

†

†

† 156

See ruthlesse *Queene*, a haplesse fathers teares.
 This cloth thou dipts in blood of my sweete boy,
 And loe, with teares I wash the blood away.

†

†

† 160

Keepe thou the napkin, and go boast of that,

And if thou tell the story well,
 Vpon my soule the hearers will shed teares,
 I, euen my foes will shed fast falling teares,
 and say, alasse, it was a pitteous deed.

†

† 164

Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curse,
 and in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
 as now I reape at thy too cruell hands.

†

Hard harted *Clifford*, take me from the world,
 My soule to heauen, my blood vpon your heads.

† 168

North. Had he bin slaughterman of all my kin,
 I could not chuse but weepe with him, to see
 How inward anger gripes his hart.

†

†

†

Qu. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
 Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
 And that will quickly dry your melting teares.

† 172

†

Cliff. There's for my oath there's for my fathers death,

†

Queen. And there's to right our gentle harted kinde,

† 176

Torke. Open thy gates of mercy gracious God,

†

My soule flies foorth to meete with thee.

†

Queen. Off with his head, and set it on *Yorke Gates*,
 So *Yorke* may ouer-look the Towne of *Yorke*.

† 180

*Exeunt omnes.**Enter*

*The contention of the two famous Houses,**Enter Edward and Richard, with Drum and Souldiours.*

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† 8
Edw. After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre,
How doth my noble brother *Richard* fare?

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† 11, 13
† 14
† 19
† 20
Rich. I cannot ioy vntill I be resolu'd,
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I see him beare himselfe,
As doth a Lyon midst a heard of Neat,
So fled the enemies from our valiant Father,
Methinkes tis pride enough to be his sonne.

Three sunnes appeare in the Ayre.

†
22
25
Edw. Loe, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious sunne,
Dazle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

†
28
†
† 32
34
Rich. Three glorious sunnes, not separated by a racking cloud
But seuered in a pale cleere shining sky.
See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vowd some league inuiolate.
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one sunne,
In this the heauens doth figure some euent.

† 36
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† 43
Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Already each one shining by his meed,
May ioyne in one, and ouer-peere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire shining suns.
But what art thou that look'st so heauily?

Enter a Messenger.

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46
† 48
† 49
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† 58
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Mes. Oh, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of Yorke was slaine.

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† 49
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† 58
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†
Edw. Oh speake no more, for I can heare no more.

† 49
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† 58
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†
Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.

† 58
†
†
Mes. VWhen as the noble Duke was put to flight,
and then pursude by *Clifford* and the *Queene*,
and many souldiours moe, who all at once
Let driue at him, and forc't the Duke to yeeld,

and

Yorke and Lancaster.

And then they set him on a mole-hill there,
 And crown'd the gracious Duke in high despite,
 VVho then with teares began to waile his fall.
 The ruthlesse Queene perceiuing he did weepe,
 Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eyes,
 Dipt in the blood of sweet young *Rutland*,
 By rough Clifford slaine: who weeping tooke it vp.
 Then through his brest they thrust their bloody swords,
 VVho like a Lambe fell at the butchers feete.
 Then on the gates of Yorke they set his head,
 And there it doth remaine the pitteous spectacle
 That ere mine eyes beheld.

Edw. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our prop to leane vpon,
 Now thou art gone, there is no hope for vs:
 Now my soules Palace is become a prison.
 Oh would she breake from compasse of my brest,
 For neuer shall I haue more ioy.

Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breasts moysture
 Scarfe serues to quench my furnace burning hate:
 I cannot ioy till this white Rose be dy'de,
 Euen in the heart blood of the house of Lancaster.

Richard, I bare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,
 Or dye my selfe in seeking of reuenge.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee,
 His chaire and Dukedome that remaines for me.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles bird,
 Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the Sunne,
 For Chaire, and Dukedome; Throne and Kingdome say,
 For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*Enter the Earle of Warwicke, Montague, with drum,
 ancient, and souldiers.*

War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes abroad?

Rich. Ah *Warwicke*, should we report the balefull newes,
 And at each words deliuerance, stab Ponyards in our flesh
 Till all were told, the words would adde
 More anguish then the wounds.

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† 59*
† 61†
† 62† 63
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† 65†
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† 75† 77-8
† 79† 80
† L. ii. 32† - 34
† 87† 88
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† 96

3 Hen. VI

II. i.

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Ah valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Edw. Ah *Warwicke, Warwicke*, that Plantagenet
Which held thee deere : I, euen as his soules redemption,
Is by the sterne Lord Clifford, done to death.

War. Ten dayes ago I drown'd those newes in teares,
And now to adde more measure to your woes :

I come to tell you newes since then befallne,
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tydings as swiftly as the post could runne,
Was brought me of your losse, and his departure,
I then in London, keeper of the King,

Mustred my soldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And very well appointed as I thought,
Marcht to S. Albons to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along.

For by my scouts I was aduertised,
That she was comming, with a full intent
To dash your late decree in Parliament,
Touching King Henries heires, and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met,
Our battailes ioyn'd, and both sides fiercely fought :

But whether 'twas the coldnesse of the King,
(He look'd full gently on his warlike Queene)
That rob'd my souldiers of their heated spleene.

Or whether 'twas report of his successe,
Or more then common feare of Cliffords rigour,
Who thunders to his Captaines blood and death,
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,

Their weapons like to lightnings went and came,
Our souldiers, like the Night-Owles lazy flight,
Or like an ydle Thresher with a flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they smote their friends.

I cheer'd them vp with iustice of the cause,
With promise of hye pay, and great rewards :

But all in vaine, they had no hearts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the day.

of Yorke and Lancaster.

So that we fled. The King vnto the Queene,
 Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and my selfe,
 In hast, poste hast, are come to ioyne with you.
 For in the marches heere we heard you were,
 Making another head to fight againe.

Edw. Thanks gentle *Warwicke*.

How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
 And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some fivie miles off the Duke is with his power.

But as for your brother, he was lately sent
 From your kinde Aunt, Dutchesse of Burgundie,
 With aide of souldiers 'gainst this needfull warre.

Rich. Twas ods belike, when valiant *Warwicke* fled,
 Oft haue I heard thy praises in pursuite,
 But nere till now thy scandall of retire.

War. Not now my scandall Richard dost thou heare:
 For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine,
 Can plucke the Diadem from saint Henries head,
 And wring the awefull Scepter from his fist,
 Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
 As he is fam'd for mildenesse, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well Lord *Warwicke*, blame me not,
 Twas loue I bare thy glories made me speake.
 But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
 Shall we go throw away our coates of steele,
 And clad our bodies in blacke mourning Gownes,
 Numbring our *Anemaries* with our beads?
 Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,
 Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes?
 If for the last, say I, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore *Warwicke* came to finde you out:
 And therefore comes my brother Montague.
 Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
 With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
 And of their feather many moe proud birds,
 Haue wrought the easie melting King like waxe.
 He sware consent to your succession,

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The contention of the two famous Houses,

His oath inrolled in the Parliament.

But now to London all the crew are gone,

To frustrate his oath, or what besides

May make against the house of Lancaster.

Their power I gesse them fifty thousand strong.

Now if the helpe of Norfolke and my selfe,

Can but amount to eight and forty thousand,

With all the friends that thou braue Earle of March,

Among the louing Welshmen canst procure,

Why via, to London will we march amaine,

And once againe bestride our foming Steeds,

And once againe cry, Charge vpon the foe,

But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.

Rich. I now methinkes I heare great *Warwicke* speake :

Nere may he liue to see a Sunshine day,

That cries retire, when *Warwicke* bids him stay.

Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, on thy shoulder will I leane,

And when thou faints, must Edward fall :

Which perill heauen forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke,

The next degree is, Englands royall King ;

And King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd,

In euery burrough as we passe along :

And he that casts not vp his cap for ioy,

Shall for the offence make forfeite of his head.

King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,

Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,

But forward to effect these resolutions.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Duke of Norfolke sends you word by me,

The Queene is comming with a puissant power,

And craues your company for speedy counsell.

War. Why then it sorts braue Lords.

Let's march away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter

of Yorke and Lancaster.

*Enter the King and Queene, Prince Edward, and the
Northerne Earles, with drumme and
Souldiours.*

Queen. Welcome my Lord to this braue Towne of Yorke,
Yonders the head of that ambitious enemy,
That fought to be impaled with your Crowne.
Doth not the obiect please your eye my Lord?

King. Euen as the rockes please them that fear their wracke.
With-hold reuenge deere God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious Lord, this too much lenity
And harmefull pittie must be layde aside,
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes?
Not to the beast that would vsurpe his den.
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke?
Not his that spoyles his young before his face.
Who scapes the lurking Serpents mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foote vpon her backe.

The smallest worme will turne being troden on,
And Doues will pecke, in rescue of their brood.
Ambitious *Torke* did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou smiling, while hee knit his angry browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his sonne a King,
And raise his issue like a louing Sire.

Thou being a King, blest with a goodly sonne,
Didst giue consent to disinherit him,
Which argu'd thee a most vnnaturall Father.

Vnreasonable creatures feede their yong,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seene them euen with those same wings,
Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight,
Make warre with him, that climbs vnto their Nest
Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For shame my Lord, make them your president.

The contention of the two famous Houses,

† Were it not pittie that this goodly boy,
 Should lose his birth-right through his fathers fault?
 36 And long heereafter, say vnto his Childe,
 What my great Grandfather and Grandfire got,
 My carelesse father fondly gaue away?
 † 40 Looke on the boy, and let his manly face,
 Which promiseth successfull fortune to vs all,
 † Steele thy melting thoughts,
 † To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

† *King.* Full well hath Clifford playd the Orator,
 44 Infering arguments of mighty force.

† But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heere tell,
 † That things ill got had euer bad successe,
 † And happy euer was it for that sonne,
 48 † VVhose father for his hoording went to hell?
 I leaue my sonne my vertuous deeds behinde,
 And would my father had left me no more:
 For all the rest is held at such a rate,

† 52 As asks a thousand times more care to keepe,
 Then may the present profite counteruaile.
 Ah cosin Yorke, would thy best friends did know,
 † How it doth greue me that thy head stands there.

† *Queene.* My Lord, this harmfull pittie makes your follow-
 56-7 ers faint.

† You promised Knight-hood to your Princely sonne,
 † Vnsheath your sword, and straight way dub him Knight,
 † 60 Kneele downe Edward.

† *King.* Edward Plantagenet, arise a Knight,
 And learne this lesson, Draw thy sword in right.

† 64 *Prince.* My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,
 Ile draw it as apparant to the Crowne,
 and in that quarrell, vse it to the death.

† *North.* VVhy that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

† 68 *Mess.* Royall Commanders, be in readinesse,
 For with a band of fifty thousand men,

Comes

of Yorke and Lancaster.

Comes *Warwicke*, backing of the Duke of Yorke.
 And in the Townes whereas they passe along,
 Proclaimes him King, and many flies to him,
 Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your highnesse would depart the field,
 The *Queene* hath best successe when you are absent.

Queen. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

King. VVhy that's my fortune, therefore Ile stay still.

Clif. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prin. Good Father cheere these noble Lords,
 Vnsheath your sword, sweet Father cry *S. George*.

Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hence we wil not moue.

Enter the house of Yorke.

Edw. Now periur'd *Henry*, wilt thou yeeld thy Crowne?
 And kneele for mercy at thy Soueraignes feete?

Queen. Go rate thy Minions proud insulting boy,
 Becomes it thee to be thus malapert
 Before thy King, and lawfull Soueraigne?

Edw. I am his King, and he should bend his knee,
 I was adopted heyre by his consent.

George. Since when, he hath broke his oath,
 For as we heare, you that are King
 (Though he do weare the Crowne)
 Haue caufd him by new acte of Parliament,
 To blot our brother out, and put his owne sonne in.

Clif. And reason *George* :
 Who should succede the father, bur the son?

Rich. Are you there butcher?

Clif. I Crooke-backe, heere I stand to answer thee,
 Or any of your sort.

Rich. Twas you that kild yong *Rutland*, was it not?

Clif. Yes, and old *Yorke* too, and yet not satisfied.

Rich. For Gods sake Lords giue signall to the fight.

War. VVhat saist thou *Henry*? wilt thou yeelde thy crowne?

Queen. VVhat, long tongu'd *Warwicke*, dare you speake?
 VVhen you and I met at *Saint Albons* last,

You

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The contention of the two famous Houses,

104 Your legges did better seruice then your hands,

† *War.* I, then twas my turne to flye, but now t'is thine.

Clif. you said as much before, and yet you fled.

† *War.* Twas not your valour Clifford droue me thence.

† 108 *Nor.* No, nor your manhood *Warwick*, y^e could make yee stay.

† *Rich.* *Northumberland, Northumberland,* we hold

Thee reuerently.

Breake off the parley, for scarce I can refraine

The execution of my big swolne heart,

† 112 Against that Clifford there, that cruell child-killer.

† *Clif.* Why I kild thy Father, calst thou him a childe?

† *Rich.* I like a villaine, and a treacherous Coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland,

116 But ere Sun-set Ile make thee curse the deed.

King. Haue done with words great Lords,

And heare me speake.

Queene. Desie them then, or else hold close thy lips.

King. I prethee giue no limits to my tongue,

† 120 I being a King, am priuiledg'd to speake.

† *Clif.* My Lord, the wound that bred this meeting heere,

† Cannot be cur'd with words, therefore be still.

Rich. Then executioner vsheath thy sword,

124 By him that made vs all, I am resolu'd

That *Cliffords* man-hood hangs vpon his tongue.

† *Edw.* What sayst thou Henry, shall I haue my right or no?

A thousand men haue broke their fast to day,

128 That nere shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the Crowne.

† *War.* If thou deny, their bloods be on thy head.

For *Yorke* in iustice, puts his Armour on.

† *Prin.* If all be right that *Warwicke* sayes is right,

† 132 There is no wrong, but all things must be right.

Rich. Whosoever got thee, there thy mother stands,

For well I wot thou hast thy mothers tongue.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Dam,

136 But like a fowle mishapen stigmaticke,

Markt by the Destinies to be auoided,

† As venom'd Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.

Rich.

Torke and Lancaster.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with english gilt,
Thy father beares the title of a King,
As if a channell should be cald the sea ;
Sham'st thou not, knowing from whence thou art deriu'de,
To parlie thus with Englands lawfull heyres ?

Edw. A wispe of straw were worth a thousand crownes,
To make that shamelesse callet know her selfe,
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of France,
And tam'de the French, and made the Dolphin stoope :

And had he matcht according to his state,
He might haue kept that glory till this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'st thy poore sire with his bridall day :
Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him,
Which washt his fathers fortunes out of France,
And heapt seditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd these tumults, but thy pride ?
Hadst thou bene mecke, our title yet had slept,
And we in pittie of the gentle King,
Had slipt our claime vntill another age.

George. But when we saw our summer brought thee gaine,
And that the haruest brought vs no increase,
We set the axe to thy vsurping roote,
And though the edge haue something hit our selues,
Yet know thou we will neuer cease to strike,
Till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.

Edw. And in this resolution, I desie thee,
Nor willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle King to speake.
Sound trumpets, let our bloody colours waue,
And either victory, or else a graue.

Queene. Stay *Edward*, stay.

Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer stay,
Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to day.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarums.

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† 177

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Alarmes. Enter Warwick.

† *War.* Sore spent with toile, as runners with the race,
I lay me downe a little while to breathe,
4 For strokes receiude, and many blowes repaide,
† 5 Hath robd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And force perforce, needs must I rest my selfe.

Enter Edward.

6 *Edw.* Smile gentle heauens, or strike vngentle death,
* That we may die vnlesse we gaine the day :
† 7 What fatall starre malignant frownes from heauen.
* Vpon the harmelesse line of Yorkes true house ?

Enter George.

* *George.* Come brother come, lets to the field againe,
* For yet there's hope enough to win the day :
* Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troopes,
* Least they retire now we haue left the field.

† 8 *War.* How now my Lords, what hap ? what hope of good ?

Enter Richard running.

13 *Rich.* Ah *Warwicke*, why hast thou withdrawne thy selfe ?
† Thy noble father in the thickest throngs,
* Cride still for *Warwicke*, his thrice valiant sonne,
* Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,
* And many wounds made in his aged brest,
* And as he tottring sate vpon his steede,
† He waft his hand to me, and cride aloud,
† *Richard*, commend me to my valiant sonne,
† 19 And still he cride, *Warwicke* reuenge my death,
* And with those words he tumbled off his horse,
† 22 And so the noble *Salsbury* gaue vp the ghost.

† *War.* Then let the earth be drunken with his blood,
† 24 Ile kill my horse, because I will not flie :
† 29 And heere to God of heauen I make a vow,
† 30 Neuer passe from forth this bloody field,

Till

Yorke and Lancaster.

Till I am full reuenged for his death.

Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, I do bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now ioyne my soule to thee,
Thou setter vp and puller downe of Kings,
Vouchsafe a gentle victory to vs,
Or let vs die before we lose the day.

George. Then let vs haste to cheere the souldiors harts,
And call them pillars that will stand to vs,
And highly promise to remunerate
Their trusty seruice, in these dangerous warres.

Rich. Come, come away, and stand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part
And take our leaues, vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in woe,
To see these dire mishaps continue so.

Warwicke, farewell.

War. Away, away, once more sweet Lords farewell.

Exeunt omnes.

*Alarmes, and then enter Richard at one doore,
and Clifford at the other.*

Rich. A *Clifford*, a *Clifford*.

Clif. A *Richard*, a *Richard*.

Rich. Now *Clifford*, for *Yorke* and young *Rutlands* death,
This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy blood,
Shall lop thy limbes, and slice thy cursed heart,
For to reuenge the murders thou hast made.

Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that stab'd thy father *Yorke*,
And this the hand that slew thy brother *Rutland*,
And heere's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheeres these hands that slew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.

M 2

Alarmes

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The contention of the two famous Houses,

*Alarmer. They fight, and then enters Warwicke and rescues
Richard, and then exeunt omnes.*

Alarmer Still, and then enter Henry solus,

* *Hen.* Oh gracious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
 * And set some endes to these incessant griefes.
 + 4 How like a mastlesse ship vpon the seas,
 + 1 This wofull battaile doth continue still,
 + 5-7 Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,
 * And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
 * Oh, would my death might stay these ciuill iars!
 * Would I had neuer raign'd, nor nere bene King.
 + 16 *Margaret and Clifford,* chide me from the field,
 + 17-18 Swearing they had best successe when I was thence.
 + 19 Would God that I were dead, so all were well,
 * Or would my crowne suffice, I were content
 * To yeeld it them, and liue a priuate life.

Enter a Soldiour with a dead man in his armes.

55 *Soul.* Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
 + This man that I haue slaine in fight to day,
 + May be possessed of some store of crownes,
 + 58 And I will search to finde them if I can.
 + 61 But stay; methinkes it is my fathers face:
 + Oh I, tis he whom I haue slaine in fight.
 + 64 From London was I prest out by the King,
 + 65-6 My father he came on the part of *Torke,*
 + 67-8 And in this conflict I haue slaine my father:
 + 69 Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
 70 And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

Enter another soldiour with a dead man.

+ 79 *2. Soul.* Lie there thou that foughtst with me so stoutly,
 + 80 Now let me see what store of gold thou hast.
 + 82 But stay, methinks this is no famous face:
 + Oh no, it is my sonne that I haue slaine in fight,

Oh

Torke and Lancaſter.

Oh monſtrous times, begetting ſuch euent,
 How cruell, bloody, and ironous,
 This deadly quarrell daily doth beger.
 Poore boy, thy father gaue thee life too late,
 And hath bereau'd thee of thy life too ſoone.

King. Woe about woe, grieſe more then common grieſe,
 Whil'ſt Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,
 Poore Lambes do ſeele the rigour of their wraths:
 The red Roſe and the white are on his face,
 The fatall colours of our ſtriuing houſes.
 Wither one Roſe, and let the other flouriſh,
 For if you ſtriuē, ten thouſand liues muſt periſh.

1. Soul. How will my mother for my fathers death,
 Take on with me, and nere be ſatiſfide?

2. Soul. How will my wife for ſlaughter of my ſonne,
 Take on with me and nere be ſatiſfide?

King. How will the people now miſdeeme their King,
 Oh would my death their mindes could ſatiſfie.

1. Soul. Was euer ſonne ſo rude, his fathers blood to ſpill?

2. Soul. Was euer father ſo vnnaturall, his ſonne to kill?

King. Was euer King thus greeued and vexed ſtill?

1. Soul. Ile beare thee hence from this accurſed place,
 For woe is me to ſee my fathers face.

Exit with his father.

2. Soul. Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
 For I haue murdered where I ſhould not kill.

Exit with his ſonne.

King. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for teare,
 Here ſits a King, as woe begon as thee.

Alarmer, and enter the Queene.

Queene. Away my Lord, to Barwicke preſently,
 The day is loſt, our friends are murdered,
 No helpe is left for vs, therefore away.

Enter Prince Edward.

Prince. Oh father ſlic, our men haue left the field,

M 3

Take

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†125

3 Hen. VI.

II. v.

*

The contention of the two famous Houses,
Take horse sweet father, let vs saue our selues.

Enter Exeter.

†134

Exet. Away my Lord, for vengeance comes along with him:
Nay stand not to expostulate, make haste,
Or else come after, Ile away before.

†137

K. Hen. Nay stay good *Exeter*, for Ile along with thee.

II. vi.

*Enter Clifford wounded, with an Arrow
in his necke.*

†

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out,
That whilst it lasted, gaue King *Henry* light.

†4

Ah *Lancaster*, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodies parting from my soule.

†

My loue and feare glude many friends to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.

†

Impairing *Henry*, strengthened misproud *Yorke*,

*8

The common people swarme like summer flies,
And whether flies the Gnats, bur to the sunne?

And who shines now, but *Henries* enemy?

Oh *Phæbus*, hadst thou neuer giuen consent,

12

That *Phaeton* should checke thy fiery steedes,

Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth.

†

And *Henry*, hadst thou liu'd as Kings should do,

†

And as thy father and his father did,

†16

Giuing no foote vnto the house of *Yorke*,

†

I and ten thousand in this wofull Land,

Had left no mourning widdowes for our deaths,

†20

And thou this day hadst kept thy throne in peace.

For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle aire?

And what makes robbers bold, but lenity?

Bootelesse are plaints, and curelesse are my wounds,

24

No way to flie, no strength to hold out flight,

†

The foe is mercilesse and will not pittie me,

†

And at their hands I haue deserude no pittie.

†

The ayre is got into my bleeding wounds,

28

And much effuse of blood doth make me faint,

Come *Yorke* and *Richard*, *Warwicke* and the rest,

Yorke and Lancaster.

I stab'd your fathers, now come split my breast.

Enter Edward, Richard, Warwick, and Souldiors.

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes keeps an vpward
Course, and we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
Some troopes pursue the bloody minded Queene,
That now towards *Barwick* doth poste amaine,
But thinke you that *Clifford* is fled away with them ?

War. No, tis impossible he should escape,
Eor though before his face I speake the words,
Your brother *Richard* markt him for the graue.
And where so ere he be, I warrant him dead.

Clifford grones, and then dies.

Edw. Harke, what soule is this that takes his heauy leau ?

Rich. A deadly grone, like life and deaths departure.

Edw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
Friend or foe, let him be friendly vsed.

Rich. Reuerse that doome of mercy, for tis *Clifford*,
Who kild our tender brother *Rutland*,
And stab'd our Princely father, Duke of *Yorke*.

War. From off the gates of *Yorke* fetch downe the
Head, Your fathers head which *Clifford* placed there :
Instead of that, let his supply the roome.
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatall *Scritchowle* to our house,
That nothing sung to vs but bloud and death,
Now his euill boding tongue no more shall speake.

War. I thinke his vnderstanding is bereft.
Say *Clifford*, dost thou know who speakes to thee ?
Darke cloudy death ore-shades his beames of life,
And he nor sees nor heares vs what we say.

Rich. Oh would he did, and so perhaps he doth,
And tis his pollicy that in the time of death,
He might auoid such bitter stormes as he
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father.

George. Richard, if thou thinkest so, vex him with eager words

Rich. *Clifford*, aske mercy and obtaine no grace.

Edw.

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*The contention of the two famous Houses,**Edw.* Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.*War.* Clifford, devise excuses for thy fault.*George.* Whil'ft we devise fell tortures for thy fault.*Rich.* Thou pittiedst *Torke*, and I am sonne to *Torke*.*Edw.* Thou pittiedst *Rutland*, and I will pittie thee.*George.* Where's captaine *Margaret* to fence you now?*War.* They inocke thee *Clifford*, sweare as thou wast wout,*Rich.* What, not an oath? Nay then I know hee's dead:

Tis hard when Clifford cannot foord his friend an oath,

By this I know hee's dead, and by my soule,

Would this right hand buy but an houres life,

(That I in all contempt might raile at him)

Ide cut it off, and with the issuing bloud,

Stifle the villaine, whose instanced thirst,

Torke and young *Rutland* could not satisfie.*War.* I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,

And reare it in the place your fathers stands.

And now to London with triuinphant march,

There to be crowned Englands lawfull King.

From thence shall *Warwicke* crosse the seas to France,And aske the Lady *Bona* for thy Queene.

So shalt thou sinew both these landes together,

And hauing France thy friend, thou needs not dread

The scattered foe that hopes to rise againe.

And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet looke to haue them busie to offend thine eares.

First, Ile see the Coronation done,

And afterward Ile crosse the seas to France,

To effect this marriage, if it please my Lord.

Edw. Euen as thou wilt good *Warwicke* let it be.But first before we goe, *George* kneele downe,We here create thee Duke of *Clarence*,

And girt thee with the sword.

Our younger brother *Richard*, Duke of *Gloster*.*Warwicke* as my selfe shall do and vndo as himselfe pleaseth best.*Rich.* Let me be Duke of *Clarence*, *George* of *Gloster*,For *Glosters* Dukedome is too ominous.*War.*

of Torke and Lancaster.

War. Tush, that's a childish obseruation.

Richard, be Duke of *Gloster*: Now to London,
To see these honours in possession.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter two Keepers with Bow and Arrowes.

Keeper. Come, lets take our stands vpon this hill,
And by and by the Deere will come this way.
But stay, heere comes a man, lets listen him a while.

Enter King Henry disguised.

Hen. From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,
And thus disguisde to greete my natiue Land,
No *Henry*, no, it is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee *Casar* now,
No humble suters sues to thee for right.
For how canst thou helpe them, and not thy selfe?

Keeper. I marry sir, heere's a Deere, his skinne is a
Keepers fee. Sirra stand close, for as I thinke,
This is the King, *King Edward* hath deposde.

Hen. My Queene and Sonne, poore soules are gone to *France*,
And as I heare, the great commanding *Warwicke*,
To intreate a marriage with the Lady *Bona*.
If this be true, poore Queene and Sonne,
Your labour is but spent in vaine,

For *Lewis* is a Prince soone won with words,
And *Warwicke* is a subtle Oratour.
He laughes, and saies his *Edward* is instalde.

She weepes, and saies her *Henry* is deposde.
He on his right hand asking a wife for *Edward*,
She on his left side, crauing aide for *Henry*.

Keeper. What art thou that talkes of Kings and Queens?

Hen. More then I seeme, for lesse I should not be.

A man at least, and more I cannot be,
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?

Keeper. I, but thou talkes, as if thou wert a King thy selfe,

Hen. Why so I am in minde, though not in shew?

Keeper. And if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?

3Hen.VI.

III. i.

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*The contention of the two famous Houses,**Hen.* My Crowne is in my heart, not on my head,My crowne is cald Content, a crowne that
Kings do sildome times enioy.*Keeper.* And if thou be a King crownd with content,
Your crowne content and you, must be content

To go with vs vnto the Officer, for as we thinke,

You are our quondam King, *King Edward* hath depofde,

And therefore we charge you in Gods name and the Kings,

To go along with vs vnto the Officers.

Hen. Gods name be fulfilled, your Kings name be

Obeyde, and be you kings, command and Ile obey.

Exeunt omnes.

III. ii.

*Enter King Edward, Clarence, and Gloster, Montague,**Hastings, and the Lady Grey.**K. Edw.* Brothers of *Clarence*, and of *Gloster*,This Ladies husband here, *Sir Richard Grey*,At the battaile of *S. Albones* did lose his life,

His lands then were feiz'd on by the conqueror.

Her sute is now to repofseffe those lands,

And sith in quarrell of the house of *Torke*,

The noble gentleman did lose his life,

In honour we cannot denie her sute.

Glo. Your highnesse shall do well to grant it then.*K. Edw.* I, so I will, but yet Ile make a pause.*Glo.* I, is the winde in that doore?*Clarence.* I see the Lady hath some thing to grant,
Before the King will grant her humble sute.*Glo.* He knowes the game, how well he keepes the wind.*K. Edw.* Widow, come some other time to know our mind.*La.* May it please your Grace, I cannot brooke delaies,

I beseech your highnesse to dispatch me now.

K. Ed. Lords giue vs leaue, we meane to try this widowes wit.*Cl.* I, good leaue haue you.*Glo.* For you will haue leaue, till youth take leaue,

And leaue you to your crouch.

K. Ed. Come hither widow, how many children hast thou?*Cl.*

of Yorke and Lancaster.

<i>Cl.</i> I thinke he meanes to beg a childe on her.	†
<i>Glo.</i> Nay whip me then, hee'l rather giue her two.	28
<i>La.</i> Three, my most gracious Lord.	
<i>Glo.</i> You shall haue foure if you will be rulde by him.	
<i>K. Ed.</i> Wer't not pitty they should lose their fathers lands?	†
<i>La.</i> Be pittifull then dread Lord, and grant it them.	† 32
<i>K. Edw.</i> Ile tell thee how these lands are to be got.	† 42
<i>La.</i> So shall you binde me to your highnesse seruice.	
<i>K. Edw.</i> What seruice wilt thou do me, if I grant it them?	†
<i>La.</i> Euen what your highnesse shall command.	† 45
<i>Glo.</i> Nay then widow Ile warrant you all your	† 21
Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he	† 22
Commands. Fight close, or in good faith	†
You catch a clap.	† 23
<i>Cl.</i> Nay I feare her not vnlesse she fall.	† 24
<i>Glo.</i> Marry godsforbot man, for hee'l take vantage then.	† 25
<i>La.</i> Why stops my Lord, shall I not know my taske?	† 52
<i>K. Edw.</i> An easie taske, tis but to loue a King.	
<i>La.</i> That's soone performd, because I am a subiect.	
<i>K. Ed.</i> Why then thy husbands lands I freely giue thee.	
<i>La.</i> I take my leaue with many thousand thanks.	56
<i>Cl.</i> The match is made, she seales it with a curtisie.	
<i>K. Edw.</i> Stay widdow stay, what loue dost thou thinke	† 58
I sue so much to get?	61
<i>La.</i> My humble seruice, such as subiects owes, and the lawes	†
commands.	
<i>K. Edw.</i> No by my rooth, I meant no such loue,	† 64
But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.	† 69
<i>La.</i> To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in prison.	†
<i>K. Ed.</i> Why then thou canst not get thy husbands lands.	†
<i>La.</i> Then mine honesty shall be my dower,	† 72
For by that losse I will not purchase them.	
<i>K. Edw.</i> Herein thou wrongst thy children mightily.	†
<i>La.</i> Herein your highnesse wrongs both them and	
Me, but mighty Lord, this merry inclination	76
Agrees not with the sadnesse of my sute.	†
Please it your highnesse to dismiss me, either with I or no.	†

The contention of the two famous Houses,

K. Edw. I, if thou say I to my request,
No, if thou say no to my demand.

Lady. Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.

Glo. The widdow likes him not, she bends the brow.

Cla. Why he is the bluntest wooer in Christendome.

K. Edw. Her lookes are all replete with maicesty,

One way or other she is for a King,
And she shall be my loue or else my Queene.

Say that King *Edward* tooke thee for his Queene.

Lady. Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord,
I am a subiect fit to iest withall,

But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

King Edw. Sweete widdow, by my state I sweare, I speake
No more then what my heart intends,
And that is to enioy thee for my Loue.

Lady. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know I am too bad to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

K. Edw. You cauill widdow, I did meane my Queene.

La. Your grace would be loath my sons shold call you father.

K. Edw. No more then when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widdow, and thou hast some children,
And by Gods mother, I being but a batchellor,
Haue other some. Why tis a happy thing
To be the Father of many children.

Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Cla. When he was made a shrurier, 'twas for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what talke the widdow
And I haue had, you would thinke it strange
If I should marry her.

Cla. Marry her my Lord, to whom?

K. Edw. Why *Clarence* to my selfe.

Glo. That would be ten dayes wonder at the least.

Cla. Why that's a day longer then a wonder lasts.

Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, ieast on brothers, I can tell you, her

of Yorke and Lancaster.

Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. And it please your grace, *Henry* your foe is
Taken, and brought as prisoner to your Pallace gates.

K. Edw. Away with him, and send him to the Tower,
And lets go question with the man about
His apprehension. Lords along, and vsf
This Lady honourably.

Exeunt omnes.

Manet Gloster, and speaks.

Glo. I. Edward will vsf women honorably,
Would he were wasted, marrow, bones and all,
That from his loynes no issue might succeed,
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.
First is there *Edward, Clarence, and Henry,*
And his sonne, and all they looke for issue
Of their loynes, ere I can plant my selfe.
A cold premeditation for my purpose,
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,
And lull my selfe within a Ladies lap,
And witch sweet Ladies with my words and lookes.
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!
Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe.
And for I should not deale in her affaires,
She did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,
And plac'd an enuious mountaine on my backe,
Where sits deformity to mocke my body,
To dry mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe,
To make my legs of an vnequall size,
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Easier for me to compasse twenty crownes.
Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile,
I cry content, to that which greues me most.
I can adde colours to the Camelion,

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And

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3 Hen. VI.

III. ii.

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The contention of the two famous Houses,

And for a need change shapes with *Protheus*,

And set the aspiring *Catalin* to schoole.

Can I do this, and cannot get the Crowne?

Tush, were it ten times higher, Ile pull it downe.

Exit.

III. iii.

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Enter King Lewis, and the Lady Bona, Queene Margaret, Prince Edward, and Oxford, with others.

Lewis. Welcome *Queene Margaret*, to the Court of France,

It fits not *Lewis* to sit while thou dost stand,

Sit by my side, and heere I vow to thee,

Thou shalt haue aide to repesse thy right,

and beate proud *Edward* from his vsurped seate,

and place King *Henry* in his former rule.

Queen. I humbly thanke your royall Maiesty,

And pray the God of heauen to blesse thy state,

Great King of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

Enter Warwicke.

Lewis. How now, who is this?

Queen. Our Earle of *Warwicke*, *Edwards* cheefest friend.

Lewis. Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what brings thee to France?

War. From worthy *Edward*, King of England,

My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed friend,

I come in kindnesse and vsfained loue,

First to do greetings to thy royall person,

And then to craue a league of amity,

And lastly to confirme that amity

With nuptiall knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant

That vertuous Lady *Bona* thy faire sister,

To Englands King in lawfull marriage.

Qu. And if this go forward, all our hope is done.

War. And gracious Madame, in our Kings behalfe,

I am commanded with your loue and fauour,

Humbly to kisse your hand, and with my tongue,

To tell the passions of my Soueraignes heart,

Where fame late entring at his heedfull cares,

Hath plac'd thy glorious image and thy vertues.

Queene.

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of Yorke and Lancaster.

Queene. King *Lewis* and Lady *Bona*, heare me speake,
Before you answere *Warwicke* or his words,
For he it is hath done vs all these wrongs.

War. Iniurious *Margaret*,

Prince Edw. And why not *Queene* ?

War. Because thy father *Henry* did vsurpe,
And thou no more art *Prince* then she is *Queene*.

Ox. Then *Warwicke* disanuls great *John of Gaunt*,
That did subdue the greatest part of *Spaine*,
And after *John of Gaunt*, wife *Henry* the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirrour to the world.
and after this wife *Prince Henry* the fift,
Who with his prowesse conquered all *France*,
From these our *Henry* is lineally descent.

War. *Oxford*, how haps that in this smoothe discourse,
You told not how *Henry* the sixt had lost
All that *Henry* the fift had gotten.
Methinkes these Peeres of *France* should smile at that,
But for the rest, you tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two yeares, a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdomes worth.

Oxf. Why *Warwicke*, canst thou deny thy *King*,
Whom thou obeyedst thirty and eight yeares,
and bewray thy treasons with a blush ?

War. Can *Oxford* that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler falshood with a pedigree ?
For shame leaue *Henry*, and call *Edward* king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whom mine elder
Brother the Lord *Aubray Vere* was done to death,
And more then so, my father euen in the
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,
When age did call him to the doore of death ?
No *Warwicke*, no, whil' st life vpholds this arme,
This arme vpholds the house of *Lancaster*.

War. And I the house of *Yorke*.

K Lewis. *Queene Margaret*, *Prince Edward*, and
Oxford, vouchsafe to forbear a while,

Till

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The contention of the two famous Houses,

Till I do talke a word with *Warwicke*.

Now *Warwicke*, euen vpon thy honor tell me true;

Is *Edward* lawfull King, or no?

For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawfull heire.

War. Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credite.

Lewis. VWhat, is he gracious in the peoples eyes?

War. The more, that *Henry* is vnfortunate.

Lewis. VWhat, is his loue to our Sister *Bona*?

War. Such it seemes,

As may befeeme a Monarch like himselfe.

My selfe haue often heard him say and sweare,

That this his loue was an eternall plant,

The roote whereof was fixt in vertues ground,

The leaues and fruite maintain'd with beauties sunne,

Exempt from enuy, but not from disdaine,

Vnlesse the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.

Lew. Then sister let vs heare your firme resolute.

Bona. Your grant or deniall shall be mine,

But ere this day I must confesse, when I

Haue heard your Kings deserts recounted,

Mine cares haue tempted iudgement to desire.

Lew. Then draw neere Queene *Margaret*, and be a witnesse,

That *Bona* shall be wife to the English King.

Prince Edw. To *Edward*, but not the English King.

War. *Henry* now liues in Scotland at his ease,

VWhere hauing nothing, nothing can he lose,

And as for you your selfe, our *quondam* Queene,

You haue a father able to maintaine your state,

And better 'twere to trouble him then France.

Sound for a Poste within.

Lewis. Heere comes some Poste *Warwicke*, to thee or vs.

Poste. My Lord ambassador, this Letter is for you,

Sent from your brother, Marquesse *Montagne*.

This from our King, vnto your Maiesty.

And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.

Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Mistresse,

Smiles

Torke and Lancaster.

Smiles at her newes, when *Warwicke* frets at his.

P. Ed. And marke how *Lewis* stampes as he were netled.

Lew. Now *Margaret* & *Warwicke*, what are your newes ?

Queen. Mine is such, as fills my heart with ioy.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and hearts discontent.

Lew. What, hath your King married the Lady Gray.

And now to excuse himselfe, sends vs a poste of papers ?

How dares he presume to vse vs thus ?

Qu. This prooueth *Edwards* loue, and *Warwicke*s honesty.

War. King *Lewis*, I heere protest in sight of heauen,

And by the hope I haue of heauenly blisse,
That I am cleere from this misdeed of *Edwards*.

No more my King, for he dishonors me,
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget, that by the house of *Yorke*,
My father came to an vntimely death ?

Did I let passe the abuse done to thy Neece ?

Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne ?

And thrust King *Henry* from his natiue home ?

And (most vngratefull) doth he vse me thus ?

My gracious *Queene*, pardon what is past,

And henceforth I am thy true seruitor :

I will reuenge the wrongs done to Lady *Bona*,

And replant *Henry* in his former state.

Q. Yes *Warwick*, Ile quite forget thy former faults

If now thou wilt become King *Henries* friend.

War. So much his friend, I his vnfaigned friend,

That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish vs

With some few bands of chosen soldiers,

Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,

And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre,

Tis not his new made bride shall succour him.

Lew. Then at the last I firmly am resolu'd

You shall haue aide : and English messenger, returne

In post, and tell false *Edward* thy supposed King,

That *Lewis* of France is sending ouer *Maskers*,

To reuell it with him, and his new bride.

O

Bona.

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3 Hen. VI

III. iii.

The contention of the two famous Houses,

† 227 *Bona.* Tell him in hope hee'l be a widdower shortly,
 † Ile weare the willow garland for his sake,

† *Queene.* Tell him my mourning weeds be laide aside,
 And I am ready to put armour on.

232 *War.* Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
 And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
 There's thy reward, be gone.

Exit Mes.

† 233-8 *Lewis.* But now tell me *Warwicke*, what assurance
 † 239 I shall haue of thy true loyalty?

† *War.* This shall assure my constant loyalty,
 † If that our *Queene* and this young *Prince* agree,
 † Ile ioyne mine eldest daughter and my ioy
 † To him forthwith in holy wedlocke bands.

† 244 *Queene.* With all my hart, that match I like full well,
 † Loue her sonne *Edward* she is faire and young,
 † 246 And giue thy hand to *Warwicke* for thy loue.

* *Lewis.* It is enough, and now we will prepare,
 † 251 To leuie soldiors for to goe with you.

† And you Lord *Bourbon*, our high Admirall,
 † Shall wast them safely to the English coast,
 † And chase proud *Edward* from his slumbring trance,
 † For mocking marriage with the name of *France*.

256 *War.* I came from *Edward* as Embassador,
 But I returne his sworne and mortall foe:
 Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
 But dreadfull warre shall answere his demand.

260 Had he none else to make a stale but me?
 Then none but I shall turne his iest to sorrow.
 I was the cheefe that raisde him to the Crowne,
 And Ile be cheefe to bring him downe againe,
 264 Not that I pittie *Henries* misery,
 But seeke reuenge on *Edwards* mockery.

Exit.

IV. i.

*Enter King' Edward, the Queene, Clarence, Gloster, Montague,
 Hastings, and Penbrooke, with soldiors.*

† 9 *Edw.* Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloster,

What

Torke and Lancaster.

What thinke you of our marriage with the Lady Grey?

Cl. My Lord, we thinke as *Warwicke* and *Lewis*
That are so slacke in iudgement, that they will take
No offence at this sudden marriage.

Edw. Suppose they do, they are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*,
And I am both your King and *Warwicks*.
And will be obeyed.

Glo. And shall, because our King, but yet such
Sudden marriages sildome proueth well.

Edw. Yea brother *Richard*, are you against vs too?

Glo. Not I my Lord, no, God forefend, that I
Should once gainsay your highnesse pleasure,
I, and twere pittie to sunder them that yoke so well together.

Edw. Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,
Shew me some reasons why the Lady Grey,
May not be my Loue, and Englands Queene?
Speake freely *Clarence*, *Glocester*,
Montague, and *Hastings*.

Cl. My Lord, then this is mine opinion,
That *Warwicke* being dishonored in his Embassage,
Doth seeke reuenge to quit his iniuries.

Glo. And *Lewis* in regard of his sisters wrongs,
Doth ioyne with *Warwicke* to supplant your state.

Ed. Suppose that *Lewis* and *Warwicke* be appeasde,
By such meanes as I can best deuise.

Mont. Bur yet to haue ioynd with France in this
Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our
Commion-wealth, gainst forraine stormes,
Then any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Let England be true within it selfe,
We need not France, nor any alliance with them.

Cl. For this one speech, Lord *Hastings* well deserues,
To haue the daughter and heyre of the Lord *Hungerford*.

Edw. And what then? it was our will it should be so,

Cl. I, and for such a thing too the Lord *Scales*
Did well deserue at your hands, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord *Bonfield*, and left your

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3 Hen. VI.

IV. i.

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Brothers to go seeke else-where, but in your madnesse
You bury brother-hood.

Edw. Alas poore Clarence, is it for a wife
That thou art male-content,

Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one.

Cl. Nay, you playde the broker so ill for your selfe,

That ye shall giue me leaue to make my choise

As I thinke good : and to that intent

I shortly meane to leaue you.

Edw. Leaue me, or tarry, I am full resolu'd,
Edward will not be ty'd to his brothers willes.

Qu. My Lords, do me but right,
And you must confesse, before it pleas'd his highnesse
To aduance my state to Title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble from my birth.

Edw. Forbeare my Loue to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they must obey, nay shall obey,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.

Mont. My Lord, here is the Messenger return'd from France.

Enter Messenger.

Ed. Now firra, what letters ? Or what newes ?

Mes. No Letters my Lord,
And such Newes, as without your highnesse pardon,
I dare not relate.

Ed. We pardon thee, and (as neere as thou canst) tell me,
What saide Lewis to our Letters ?

Mes. At my departure these were his very wordes.
Go tell false Edward thy supposed King,
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new bride.

Ed. Is Lewis so braue ? Belike, he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what sayde Lady *Bona* to these wrongs ?

Mes. Tell him, quoth she, in hope heel proue a widdower
Shortly, Ile weare a willow Garland for his sake.

Ed. She had the wrong,
Indeed she could say little lesse. But what said *Henries* Queene,

For

Torke and Lancaster.

For as I heare, she was then in place ?

Mef. Tell him quoth she, my mourning weeds be done,
And I am ready to put armour on.

Ed. Then belike she meanes to play the Amazon.
But what saide *Warwicke* to these iniuries ?

Mef. He more incensed then the rest my Lord,
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.

Ed. Ha, durst the Traitor breath out such proud words ?
But I will arme me to preuent the worst.

But what is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret* ?

Mef. I my good Lord, they are so linkt in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries *Warwicke's* daughter.

Cla. The elder, belike *Clarence* shall haue the yonger.
All you that loue me and *Warwicke* follow me.

Exit Clarence and Somerset.

Ed. *Clarence* and *Somerset* fled to *Warwicke*,
What say you brother *Richard*, will you stand to vs ?

Glo. I my Lord, in despight of all that shall withstand you.

For why hath Nature made me halt downe right,

But that I should be valiant and stand to it :

For if I would, I cannot runne away,

Edw. Penbrooke, go raise an army presently,

Pitch vp my Tent ; for in the field this night

I meane to rest, and on the morrow morne,

Ile march to meete proud *Warwicke*, ere he land

Those stragling troopes which he hath got in France.

But ere I go, *Montague* and *Hastings*,

You aboute all the rest are neere allyed

In blood to *Warwicke* : therefore tell me,

If you fauour him more then me, or not.

Speake truly, for I had rather haue you open enemies,

Then hollow friends.

Mont. So God helpe *Montague*, as he proues true.

Hast. And *Hastings*, as he fauours *Edwards* cause,

Edw. It shall suffice, Come then let's march away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter

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*The contention of the two famous Houses,**Enter Warwicke and Oxford with Soldiours.*

War. Trust me my Lords, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers swarme to vs,
But see where *Somerſet* and *Clarence* comes,
Speake suddenly my Lords, are we all friends ?

Cl. Feare not that my Lord.

War. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome vnto *Warwicke*,
And welcome *Somerſet*, I hold it cowardise,
To rest mistrustfull, where a noble heart
Hath pawnd an open hand in signe of loue,
Else might I thinke that *Clarence*, *Edwards* brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,
But welcome sweet *Clarence*, my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests but in nights couerture,
Thy brother being carlesly encampt,
His soldiours lurking in the towne about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprize and take him at our pleasure,
Our scouts haue found the aduerture very easie,
Then cry king *Henry* with resolued mindes,
And breake we presently into his Tent.

Cl. Why then lets on our way in silent sort,
For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and S. George.

War. This is his tent, and see where his guard doth stand,
Courage my souldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and *Edward* shall be ours.

All. A *Warwicke*, a *Warwicke*.

Alarmes, and Gloster and Hastings flies.

Oxf. Who goes there ?

War. *Richard* and *Hastings*, let them go, heere is the Duke.

Edw. The Duke, why *Warwicke* when we parted
Last, thou calledst me King

War. I, but the case is altered now.

When you disgrac'ed me in my Embassage,
Then I disgrac'ed you from being King,

And

Yorke and Lancaster.

And now am come to create you Duke of *Yorke*,
Alasse, how should you governe any kingdorne,
That knowes not how to vse Embassadors,
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to shroud your selfe from enemies.

Edw. Well *Warwicke*, let fortune do her worst,
Edward in minde will beare himselfe a King.

War. Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands King,
But *Henry* now shall weare the English Crowne.
Go conuay him to our brother Archbishop of *Yorke*,
And when I haue fought with *Penbroke* and his followers,
He come and tell thee what the Lady *Bona* saies,
And so for a while farwell good Duke of *Yorke*.

Exit some with Edward.

Cla. What followes now? all hitherto goes well,
But we must dispatch some letters into France,
To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,
And bid her come with speed to ioyne with vs.

War. I that's the first thing that we haue to do,
And free King *Henry* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his Regall Throne.
Come lets haste away, and hauing past these cares,
He poste to *Yorke*, and see how *Edward* fares.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*,
Know that the cause I sent for you is this,
I looke my brother with a slender traine,
Should come a hunting in this Forrest heere.
The Bishop of *Yorke* befriends him much,
And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase,
Now I haue priuily sent him word,
How I am come with you to rescue him,
and see where the huntsman and he doth come.

Enter Edward and a Huntsman.

Huntf. This way my Lord the Deere is gone.

Edw.

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3 Hen VI

IV. v.

The contention of the two famous Houses,

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Edw. No this way huntsman,

† 16

See where the Keepers stand, Now brother and the rest,

*

What, are you provided to depart ?

† 19

Glo. I, I, the horse stands at the Parke corner ;

† 20

Come, to Lin, and so take shipping into Flanders :

†

Ed. Come then, *Hastings* and *Stanley*,

† 23

I will requite your loues. By shop farewell,

28

Sheeld thee from *Warwicks* frowne,

29

And pray that I may repofseffe the Crowne.

† 25

Now huntsman, what will you do ?

*

Huntf. Marry my Lord, I thinke I had as good

† 26

Go with you, as tarry heere to be hangd.

† 27

Edw. Come then lets away with speed.*Exeunt omnes*

IV. vi.

Enter the Queene, and the Lord Rivers.

† 1

Rivers. Tell me good Madame,

*

Why is your Grace so passionate of late ?

† 2

Qu. Why brother *Rivers*, heare ye not the newes

†

Of that successe King *Edward* had of late ?

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Rivers. What ? losse of some pitcht battaile against *Warwick*,

*

Tush, feare not faire *Queene*, but cast those cares aside.

*

King *Edwards* noble minde, his honours doth display ;

† 15

And *Warwicke* may lose, though then he got the day.

*

Qu. If that were all, my greefes were at an end,

*

But greater troubles will I feare befall.

† 7

Ri. What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,

† 5

To the danger of his royall person then ?

† 9

Queen. I ther's my greefe, King *Edward* is surpriz'd,

† 11

And led away as prisoner vnto *Yorke*.

† 13

Riv. The newes is passing strange I must confesse ;

† 14

Yet comfort your selfe, for *Edward* hath more friends,

*

Then *Lancaster* at this time must perceyue,

*

That some will set him in his Throne againe.

*

Qu. God grant they may ; but gentle brother come,

*

And let me leane vpon thine arme awhile,

† 31

Vntill I come vnto the Sanctuary,

† 32

There to preferue the fruite within my wombe,

King

of Yorke and Lancaster.

King Edwards seed, true heire to Englands crowne.

Exit.

† 24

*Enter Edward and Richard, and Hastings, with a
troope of Hollanders.*

IV. vii.

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Edw. Thus far from *Belgia* haue we past the seas,
And marcht from *Raunspur* hauen vnto *Yorke* :
But soft the gates are shut, I like not this.

† 8

Rich. Sound vp the drum, and call them to the wals.

† 10

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Enter the Lord Maior of Yorke, vpon the wals.

† 17

Maior. My Lords we had notice of your comming,
And that's the cause we stand vpon our guard,
And shut the gates for to preserue the Towne.
Henry now is king, and we are sworne to him.

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Edw. Why my Lord Maior, if *Henry* be your king,
Edward I am sure at least, is Duke of *Yorke*.

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Maior. Truth my Lord, we know you for no lesse.
Edw. I craue nothing but my Dukedome.

† 23

Rich. But when the Foxe hath gotten in his head,
Hee'l quickly make the body follow after.

† 25

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Hast. Why my Lord Maior, what stand you vpon points?
Open the gates, we are king *Henries* friends.

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Maior. Say you so, then Ile open them presently.

†

*Exit Maior.**Rich.* By my faith, a wise stout captaine, and soone perswaded

† 30

*The Maior opens the doore, and brings the keies in his hand.**Edw.* So my Lord Maior, these gates must not be shut,
But in the time of warre, giue me the keyes :
What, feare not man, for *Edward* will defend
The towne and you, despight of all your foes.

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*Enter Sir Iohn Mountgomery, with drum and soldiors.*How now *Richard*, who is this?

*

Rich. Brother, this is *Sir Iohn Montgommery*,
A trustie friend, vnlesse I be deceiude.

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Edw. Welcome *Sir Iohn*. Wherefore come you in armes?

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3 Hen. VI

IV. vii.

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Sir Iohn. To helpe King *Edward* in this time of stormes,
As euery loyall subiect ought to do.

Edw. Thankes braue *Montgomery*,
But I onely claime my Dukedome,
Vntill it please God to send the rest.

Sir Iohn. Then fare you well, Drum strike vp and let vs
March away, I came to serue a King, and not a Duke.

Edw. Nay stay sir *Iohn*, and let vs first debate,
With what security we may do this thing.

Sir Iohn. What stand you on debating, to be brieft,
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our King,
Ile hence againe, and keepe them backe
That come to succour you, why should we fight,
When you pretend no title?

Rich. Fie brother, stand you vpon tearmes?
Resolue your selfe, and let vs claime the crowne.

Edw. I am resolute once more to claime the crowne,
And win it too, or else to lose my life,

Sir Iohn. I, now my Soueraigne speaketh himselfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.

Sound Trumpets, for *Edward* shall be proclaimd.

Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of *England* and
France, and Lord of *Ireland*; and whosoever gaines King
Edwards right, by this I challenge him to single fight. Long
liue *Edward* the fourth.

All. Long liue *Edward* the fourth.

Edw. We thanke you all. Lord Maior leade on the way.

For this night wee'l harbour here in *Yorke*,

And then as early as the morning sunne,

Lifts vp his beames about this horizon,

Wee'l march to London, to meete with *Warwicke*,

And pull false *Henry* from the Regal throne.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Warwicke and Clarence with the Crowne, and then
King Henry, Oxford, Somerset, and the
young Earle of Richmond.*

King.

IV. vi.

of Torke and Lancaster.

King. Thus from the prison to this princely seate,
By Gods great mercies am I brought againe.
Clarence and *Warwicke*, do you keepe the crowne,
And gouerne and protect my Realme in peace,
And I will spend the remnant of my daies,
To sinnes rebuke, and my Creators praise.

War. What answeres *Clarence* to his Soueraignes will ?

Cl. *Clarence* agrees to what king *Henry* likes.

King. My Lord of *Somerfet*, what pretty boy
Is that you seeme to be so carefull of ?

Som. If it please your grace, it is young *Henry*,
Earle of *Richmond*.

King. *Henry* of *Richmond*, Come hither pretty Lad.
If heauenly powers do aime aright
To my diuining thoughts, thou pretty boy,
Shalt proue this Countries blisse.
Thy head is made to weare a princely crowne,
Thy lookes are all replete with Maiesty,
Make much of him my Lords,
For this is he shall helpe you more,
Then you are hurt by me.

Enter one with a Letter to Warwicke.

War. What counsell Lords, *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With hastie Germanes and blunt *Hollanders*,
Is past in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troopes do march amaine towards *London*,
And many giddy headed people follow him.

Oxf. Tis best to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire do kindle any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.

War. In *Warwickshire* I haue true hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will I muster vp, and thou sonne *Clarence*,
Shalt in *Effex*, *Suffolke*, *Norfolke*, and in *Kent*,
Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.

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3 Hen. VI.

IV. viii.

The contention of the two famous Houses,

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And thou brother *Montague*, in Leistershire,
 Buckingham and Northamptonshire shalt finde,
 Men well inclinde to do what thou commands,
 And thou braue *Oxford*, wondrous well belou'd,
 Shalt in thy Countries muster vp thy friends.
 My Soueraigne with his louing Cittizens,
 Shall rest in London till we come to him.
 Faire Lords take leaue, and stand not to reply,
 Farewell my Soueraigne.

King. Farwell my *Hector*, my *Troies* true hope.

War. Farwel sweet Lords, lets meete at Couentry.

All. Agreed.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Edward and his trame.

Edw. Seize on the shamefac't *Henry*,

And once againe conuey him to the Tower,

Away with him, I will not heare him speake.

And now towards Couentry let vs bend our course,

To meete with *Warwicke* and his confederates.

Exeunt omnes.

V. i.

Enter Warwicke on the wals.

War. Where is the poste that came from valiant *Oxford*?

How farre hence is thy Lord, my honest fellow?

Oxf. poste. By this at *Daintry* marching hitherward.

War. Where is our brother *Montague*?

Where is the Poste that came from *Montague*?

Poste. I left him at *Donsmore* with his troopes.

War. Say *Summerfield*, where is my louing sonne?

And by thy guesse, how farre is *Clarence* hence?

Summer. At *Southam* my Lord I left him with

His force, and do expect him two houres hence.

War. Then *Oxford* is at hand, I heare his Drum.

Enter Edward and his power.

Glo. See brother, where the surlic *Warwicke* mans the wall.

War. O vnbid spight, is spotfull *Edward* come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That

of Yorke and Lancaster.

That we could haue no newes of their repaire ?

Edw. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou be sorry for thy faults,
And call *Edward* king, and he will pardon thee.

War. Nay rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe,
Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downe,
Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be penitent ?

And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.

Glo. I had thought at least he would haue said the king.
Or did he make the ieast against his will.

War. 'Twas *Warwicke* gaue the kingdome to thy brother.

Edw. Why then tis mine, if but by *Warwicks* gift.

War. I, but thou art no *Atlas* for so a great a weight,
And weakling, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,
Henry is my king, *Warwicke* his subiect.

Edw. I prethee gallant *Warwicke* tell me this,
What is the body when the head is off ?

Glo. Alasse, that *Warwicke* had no more foresight,
But whilst he sought to steale the single ten,
The king was finely fingred from the decke.
You left poore *Henry* in the Bishops pallace,
And ten to one you'l meete him in the Tower.

Edw. Tis euen so, and yet you are old *Warwicke* still.

War. O cheerefull colours, see where *Oxford* comes.

Enter Oxford, with drum and souldiors.

Ox. *Oxford*, *Oxford*, for *Lancaster*.

Exit.

Ed. The gates are open, see, they enter in,
Lets follow them, and bid them battraile in the streetes.

Glo. No, so some other might set vpon our backes,
Wee'l stay till all be entered, and then follow them.

Enter Somerset, with Drum and souldiors.

Som. *Somerset*, *Somerset*, for *Lancaster*.

Exit.

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of *Somerset*,
Haue solde their liues vnto the house of *Yorke*,
And thou shalt be the third, if my sword hold.

*The contention of the two famous Houses,**Enter Montague, with Drum and Soldiers.**Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster.**Exit.**Edw. Traiterous Montague, thou and thy brother**Shall deereley abide this rebellious acte.**Enter Clarence with Drum and Soldiers.**War. And loe where George of Clarence sweepes along,
Of power enough to bid his brother battaile.**Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster.**Edw. Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Caesar too?**A parlie firra, to George of Clarence.**Sound a parlie, and Richard and Clarence whispers together, and then
Clarence takes his red Rose out of his Hat, & throwes it at Warwick**War. Come Clarence, come, thou wilt if Warwicke call.**Cla. Father of Warwicke, know you what this meanes?**I throw mine infamy at thee,**I will not ruinate my fathers house,**(Who gaue his blood to lime the stones together)**And set vp Lancaster. Thinkest thou,**That Clarence is so harsh vnnaturall,**To lift his sword against his brothers life,**And so proud hearted Warwicke I desie thee,**And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes,**Pardon me Edward, for I haue done amisse,**And Richard do not frowne vpon me.**For henceforth I will proue no more vnconstant.**Edw. Welcome Clarence, and ten times more welcome,**Then if thou neuer hadst deseru'd our hate.**Glo. Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherly.**War. Oh passing traitor, periur'd and vniust.**Edw. Now Warwicke, wilt thou leaue**The towne and fight? or shall we beate the**Stones about thine eares?**War. Why I am not coopt vp heere for defence,**I will away to Barnet presently,**And*

of Yorke and Lancaster.

And bid thee battaile, *Edward* if thou dar'st.

Edw. Yes *Warwicke* he dares, and leades the way,
Lords to the field, *Saint George* and victory.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarmer, and then enter Warwicke wounded.

War. Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe,
And tell me who is victor, *Yorke* or *Warwicke*?
Why aske I that? my mangled body shewes,
That I must yeeld my body to the earth.
And by my fall the conquest to my foes,
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whose armes gaue shelter to the princely Eagle,
Vnder whose shade the rampant Lyon slept,
Whose top branch ouer-peerd *Ioues* spreading tree,
The wrinkles in my browes now fill with blood,
Were likened oft to kingly sepulchers.
For who liu'd king, but I could dig his graue?
And who durst smile, when *Warwicke* bent his brow?
Loe now my glory smeard in dust and blood,
My parkes, my walkes, my mannors that I had,
Euen now forsake me, and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Oxf. Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, cheere vp thy selfe and liue,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day.
Our warlike Queene with troopes is come from *France*,
And at *South-hampton* landed all her traine,
And mightst thou liue, then would we neuer flie.

War. Why then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
But *Hercules* himselfe must yeeld to ods,
For many wounds recei'u'd, and many more repaide,
Hath robd my strong knit sinewes of their strength,
And spite of spites needs must I yeeld to death.

Som. Thy brother *Montague* hath breath'd his last,

And

V. i.

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V. ii.

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II. i. 53

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3 Hen. VI.

V. ii.

The contention of the two famous Houses,

And at the pangs of death I heard him cry
 And say, Commend me to my valiant brother:
 And more he would haue spoke, and more he saide,
 Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
 That could not be distinguisht for the sound,
 And so the valiant Montague gaue vp the ghost.

War. What is pompe, rule, reigne, but earth and dust?
 And liue we how we can, yet dye we must.

Sweet rest his soule, flye Lords, and saue your selues,
 For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell to meete in heauen.

He dyes.

Oxf. Come Noble Somersset, let's take our horse,
 And cause retreat be sounded through the Campe,
 That all our friends that yet remaine aliue,
 May be forewarn'd, and saue themselues by flight.
 That done, with them weell poste vnto the Queene,
 And once more try our fortune in the field.

*Exit ambo.**Enter Edward, Clarence, and Gloster, with Soldiers.*

Edw. Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie,
 And girt our temples with triumphant ioyes.
 The big-bon'd traitor *Warwicke* hath breath'd his last,
 And heauen this day hath smil'd vpon vs all.
 But in this cleare and brightsome day,
 I see a blacke suspicious clowd appeare,
 That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
 Before he gaine his easefull westerne beames;
 I meane those pow'rs which the Queene hath got in France
 Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.

Glo. Oxford and Somersset are fled to her,
 And 'tis likely, if she haue time to breath,
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

Edw. We are aduertisde by our louing friends,
 That they do hold their course towards Tewksbury:
 Thither will we, for willingnesse rids way:

And

of Yorke and Lancaster.

And in euery Country as we passe along,
 Our strengths shall be augmented.
 Come lets go, for if we slacke this bright summers day,
 Sharpe winters showers will marre our hope for haie.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford and Somersset,
 with Drum and Soldiours.*

Queene. Welcome to England, my louing friends of France,
 And welcome *Somersset*, and *Oxford* too.

Once more haue we spread our sailes abroad,
 and though our tackling be almost confumde,
 and *Warwicke* as our maine Mast ouerthrowne,
 Yet warlike Lords raise you that sturdie poste,
 That beares the sailes to bring vs vnto rest,
 and *Ned* and I as willing Pilots should,
 For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne,
 To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe
 That heeretofore hath swallowed vp our friends.

Prince. And if there be (as God forbid there should)
 amongst vs a timerous or fearefull man,
 Let him depart before the battailes ioyne,
 Least he in time of need entice another,
 and so withdraw the soldiours hearts from vs.

I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,
 But with my sword prease in the thickest throngs,
 and single *Edward* from his strongest guard,
 and hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,

Or leaue my body as witnessse of my thoughts,
Oxf. Women and children of so high resolute,
 And warriors faint, why twere perpetuall shame.
 Oh braue young Prince, thy noble grandfather
 Doth liue againe in thee,
 Long maist thou liue to beare his image,
 And to renew his glories.

Som. And he that turnes and flies when such do fight,
 Let him to bed, and like the Owle by day

Q

Be

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V. iv.

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3 Hen. VI

V. iv.

† 57

The contention of the two famous Houses,
Be hist, and wondered at if he arise.

Enter a Messenger.

† 60

Mess. My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.

† 62

Oxf. I thought it was his policy to take vs vnprouided,
But here will we stand and fight it to the death.

† 64

Enter K. Edward, Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and souldiers.

† 67

Edw. See brothers, yonder stands the thorny wood,
Which by Gods assistance, and your prowesse,
Shall with our swords ere night be cleane cut downe.

† 69

73

Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I should say
My teares gainsay. For as you see, I drinke
The water of mine eyes. Then no more but this :

† 76

Henry our King is prisoner in the Tower,

†

His land, and all our friends, are quite distrest,

† 80

And yonder stands the Wolfe that makes all this ;

† 81

Then on Gods name Lords together cry, Saint George.

*

All. Saint George for Lancaster.

V. v.

Alarmes to the battell, Yorke flies, then the chambers be discharged.
Then enter the King, Clarence, Gloster, and the rest, making a great
shout, and cry, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queene, Prince,
Oxford, and Somerset are taken, and then sound and enter all a-
gainc.

† 1

Edw. Lo here a period of tumultuous broyles,
Away with Oxford to Hames Castle straight.
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

† 4

Away, I will not heare them speake.

† 6

Oxf. For my part Ile not trouble thee with words. *Exit Oxf.*

† 14

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my death. *Exit Som.*

† 15

Edw. Now Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion ?

17

Prin. Speake like a subiect proud ambitious Yorke ;

Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,
Resigne thy chaire, and where I stand, kneele thou,

20

Whilst I propose the selfesame words to thee,

Which

of Yorke and Lancaster.

Which Traitor thou wouldst haue me answer to.

Qu. Oh that thy father had bene so resolu'd.

Glo. That you might still haue kept your peticote,
And nere haue stolne the breech from Lancaster.

Prin. Let *Aesop* fable in a winters night,
His curriish Riddles sorts not with this place.

Glo. By heauen brat, ile plague you for that word.

Qu. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

Glo. For Gods sake take away this captiue scold.

Prin. Nay take away this scolding Crooke-backe rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.

Cl. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapart.

Prin. I know my duty, you are all vndutifull.
Lasciuious Edward, and thou periur'd George,
And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all
I am your better, Traitors as you be.

Edw. Take that, thou likeneffe of this railer here. *Stabs him.*

Qu. Oh kill me too.

Glo. Marry and shall.

Ed. Hold *Richard* hold, for we haue done too much alreadye.

Glo. Why should she liue to fill the world with words?

Ed. What doth she swound?

Make meanes for her recouery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the King my brother,
I must to London on a serious matter,
Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.

Cl. About what, prethee tell me?

Glo. The Tower man, the Tower: Ile roote them out.

Exit Gloster.

Qu. Ah Ned, speake to thy Mother boy:
Ah, thou canst not speake.

Traitors, Tyrants, bloody Homicides,
They that stab'd *Cesar* shed no blood at all,
For he was a man; this, in respect a childe,
And men nere spend their fury on a childe.
What's worfe then Tyrant that I may not name?

Q2

You

3 Hen. VI.

V. v.

The contention of the two famous Houses,

†63 You haue no children diuels, if you had,
 † The thought of them would then haue stopt your rage,
 † But if you euer hope to haue a sonne,
 † Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off,
 † As traitors you haue done this sweet young Prince.

†68 *Edw.* Away, and beare her hence.

Queene. Nay nere beare me hence, dispatch
 Me heere, heere sheathe thy sword,
 Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not ?
 Then *Clarence*, do thou do it.

†72 *Cl.* By heauen I would not do thee so much ease.

† *Queene.* Good *Clarence* do, sweet *Clarence* kill me too.

Cl. Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not do it?

Queen. I, but thou vselft to forswearé thy selfe,

†76 T was sinne before, but now tis charity.

† Where's the diuels butcher, hard-fauoured *Richard*,

† *Richard* where art thou? He is not here,

† Murder is his almes-deed,

†80 Petitioners for blood, hee'l nere put backe.

† *Edw.* Away I say, and take her hence perforce.

† *Qu.* So come to you and yours, as to this Prince.

Exit.

† *Edw.* *Clarence*, whether is *Gloster* gone?

†84 *Cl.* Marry my Lord to London, and as I guesse,

To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

† *Edw.* He is sudden if a thing come in his head.

† Well, discharge the common soldiors with pay

† and thanks, and now lets toward London,

† To see our gentle *Queene* how she doth fare,

†90 For by this I hope she hath a sonne for vs.

Exeunt omnes.

V. vi.

Enter Gloster to King Henry in the Tower.

† *Glo.* Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard?

† *Hen.* I my good Lord. Lord I should say rather,

† Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,

† Good *Gloster*, and good *Diuell*, were all alike,

†10 What scene of death hath *Rosim* now to acte?

†11 *Glo.* Suspition alwaies haunts a guilty minde.

Hen.

of Yorke and Lancaster.

Hen. The bird once limde, doth feare the farall bush,
And I the haplesse maile to one poore bird,
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eie,
Where my poore young was limde, was caught and kild.

Glo. Why, what a foole was that of *Creete*?
That taught his sonne the office of a bird,
And yet for all that the poore Fowle was drown'd.

Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore sonne *Icarus*,
Thy father *Minos* that denide our course,
Thy brother *Edward*, the sunne that searde his wings,
And thou the enuieft gulfe that swallowed him.
Oh better can my breast abide thy daggers point,
Then can mine cares that tragicke history.

Glo. Why dost thou thinke I am an executioner?

Hen. A persecutor I am sure thou art,
And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy sonne I kild for his presumption.

Hen. Hadst thou bin kild when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine,
And thus I prophesie of thee.
That many a widow for her husbands death,
And many an infants water standing eie,
Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that euer thou wert borne.
The Owle shrikt at thy birth, an euill signe,
The night Crow cride, aboding lucklesse tune,
Dogs howld, and hideous tempests shooke downe trees,
The Rauen rookt her on the Chimnies top,
And chattering Pies in dismall discord sung,
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,
And yet brought forth lesse then a mothers hope,
To wit: an vndigest created lumpe,
Not like the fruite of such a goodly tree,
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne,
To signifie thou cam'st to bite the world,
And if the rest be true that I haue heard,

Q 3

Thou

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52

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Thou cam'st into the world

Stabs him

Glo. Die prophet in thy speech, ile heare no more,
For this amongst the rest was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more slaughter after this.

O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee.

He dyes.

Glo. What? will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sinke into the ground? I had thought it would haue mounted.
See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death.

Now may such purple teares alwayes be shed,

For such as seeke the downfall of our house. *Stab him agen.*

Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither:

I, that haue neither pittie, loue, nor feare.

Indeede twas true that Henry told me of,

For I haue often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legges forward.

And had I not reason thinke you to make hast,

And seeke their ruines that vsurp'd our rights?

The women weeping, and the Midwife crying,

O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth:

And so I was indeede. Which plainly signified,
That I should snarle and bite, and play the Dogge.

Then, since heauen hath made my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my minde to answer it.

I had no Father, I am like no Father;

I haue no brothers, I am like no brothers;

And this word *Lone*, which gray-beards terme Diuine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me, I am my selfe alone.

Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light,

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:

For I will buz abroad such Propheesies,

Vnder pretence of outward seeming ill,

As Edward shall be fearefull of his life,

And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.

King *Henry*, and the Prince his sonne are gone,

And *Clarence* thou art next must follow them,

So by one and one dispatching all the rest,

Coun-

+

of Yorke and Lancaster.

Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
 Ile drag thy body in another roome,
 And triumph *Henry* in thy day of doome.

Exit.

Enter King Edward, Queene Elizabeth, and a Nurse with the young Prince, and Clarence, Gloster, Hastings, and others.

Edw. Once more we sit in Englands throne,
 Repurchaft with the blood of enemies,
 What valiant foemen like to *Antumies* corne,
 Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
 Three Dukes of Somersset, three-fold renownd
 For hardy and vndoubred Champions.
 Two Cliffords, as the father and the sonne,
 And two Northumberlands, two brauer men
 Nere spurd their Coursers at the trumpets sound.
 With them the two rough Beares, *Warwicke* and *Montague*,
 That in their chaines fettered the Kingly Lion,
 And made the Forrest tremble when they roard,
 Thus haue we swept suspition from our seat,
 And made our footstoole of security.
 Come hither *Besse*, and let me kisse my boy,
 Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Vnckles and my selfe,
 Haue in our armours watcht the winters night,
 Marcht all afoot, in summers scalding heate,
 That thou mightst repofesse the crowne in peace,
 And of our labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

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Glo. Ile blast his haruest, if your head were laid,
 For yet I am not lookt on in the world.
 This shoulder was ordaind so thicke to heaue,
 And heaue it shall some weight, or breake my backe,
 Worke thou the way, and thou shalt execute.

24

Edw. Brothers of Clarence and of Gloster,
 Pray loue my louely Queene,
 And kisse your Princely Nephew both.

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+

Cl. The duty that I owe vnto your Maiesty,
 I seale vpon the rosiate lips of this sweete Babe.

28

+

Queene.

*The contention of the two famous Houses,**Queene.* Thankes noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thankes.*Glo.* And that I loue the fruite from whence thou sprangst,

Witnesse the louing kisse I giue the childe.

To say the truth, so *Iudas* kist his master,

And so he cride all haile, and meant all harme.

Edw. Now am I seated as my soule delights,*Cl.* What will your grace haue done with *Margaret* ?*Reynard* her father, to the King of FranceHath pawnd the *Cicels* and *Ierusalem*,

And hither haue they sent it for a ransome.

Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France,

And now what rests, but that we spend the time,

With stately triumphs and mirthfull comicke shewes,

Such as befits the pleasures of the Court.

Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell to sowre annoy,

For heere I hope begins our lasting ioy.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

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